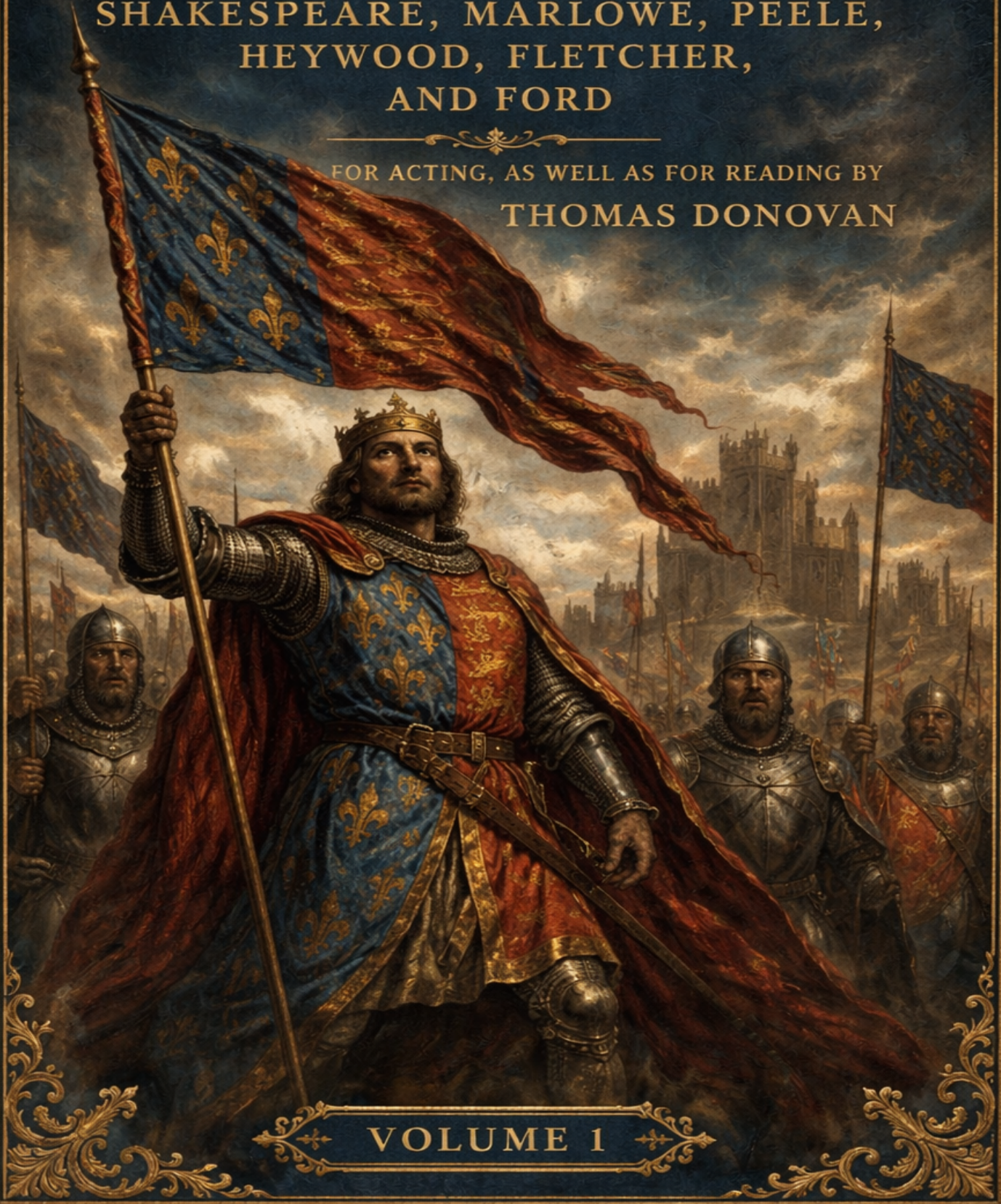
English Historical Plays

BY

SHAKESPEARE, MARLOWE, PEELE, HEYWOOD, FLETCHER, AND FORD

FOR ACTING, AS WELL AS FOR READING BY

THOMAS DONOVAN



VOLUME 1

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VOL. I
ENGLISH
HISTORICAL PLAYS
BY
SHAKESPEARE, MARLOWE, PEELE,
HEYWOOD, FLETCHER,
AND FORD
ARRANGED FOR ACTING, AS WELL AS FOR READING
BY
THOMAS DONOVAN
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I
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PREFACE

In these two volumes are collected the best of those plays founded on English history that have been spared to us from the larger supply existing in Shakespeare's time,—fire, neglect, and perhaps fanaticism, having deprived us of many others. Taking Shakespeare's ten chronicles as a basis, nearly all the gaps that he left in the continuity of his English history are here filled in with plays written by his contemporaries: Peele, Marlowe, Heywood, and Ford having all lived in the time of the great master. We have thus placed before us a series of plays by our greatest dramatists,

representing the chief incidents of three hundred years, among the most eventful in English history. These are not, however, mere reprints of the old plays, but they are resettings of them in what is thought to be the simplest and most effective form for dramatic performance. It need hardly be said that all these plays were written to be acted, and yet fully one half are unknown to the modern stage, while many of them have not been produced in an English theatre since the time of the Stuarts; the reason commonly assigned for this neglect being that, as written, they cannot be acted. Indeed, in the form in which we have received them, most of these plays could not now be produced, the continual shifting of scene, alone, proving too severe a strain on both the patience of the audience and the resources of the manager. It was easy enough in the olden time to portion a play into thirty scenes, when the shifting was done by suggestion, and the scenery sketched in a glory of words by the poet. To the onlooker there was no inherent absurdity in a long rhetorical parley between a general in camp, and the enemy on the lofty walls of a besieged city, so long as no attempt was made to construct the scene pictorially. Nor, indeed, need there have been any hesitation in fighting battles before spectators whose criticism was disarmed in advance by a pleading apology for shortcomings, and upon whose imagination a burden was adroitly cast, that in our more languid age would be scornfully discarded. Shakespeare himself makes the appeal—

> Pardon, gentles all, … O pardon!... let us
> On your imaginary forces work.
> Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
> Into a thousand parts divide one man,
> And make imaginary puissance;
> Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
> Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
> For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings.

And again—

> O for pity! we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt.

To-day, however, realism rules in the drama. The best of plays will have no hearing unless the stage is filled with pictures closely resembling nature; while the painter shares with actor and author the plaudits of every audience. Any attempt, therefore, to restore these plays to the theatre must be attended by an effort to bring them in line with the altered conditions of the stage. The result of such an effort is now put forward, not without long and careful thought, in the hope that these superb historical plays will be at length rescued from the semi-oblivion of our libraries, to be assigned, once for all, an honoured place on our national stage. The principal changes made in adapting these plays are as follows:—

(1) By a new division of acts and scenes, nearly all the battles are now fought between the Acts, and therefore out of sight.

(2) Chiefly by the elision of redundant and unimportant scenes, nearly one hundred changes of scene have been suppressed in fourteen plays.

(3) For some of the plays a more effective ending has been found, either by transposing a scene, or by omitting an anti-climax.

Many passages have also been omitted as being either gross, tedious, trivial, obscure or unintelligible, and such omissions should not be regretted by the reader, whose way is thereby rendered all the more pleasant. While the general aim has been to give to each play the form best suited for dramatic effect, and although there is not a scene in excess, it will yet be necessary, in some cases, to further condense scenes for the stage, in order to quicken the action and to reduce the time occupied in performance. Literary beauty has in no case been sacrificed merely to shorten a scene. The following are the plays which exhibit the greatest novelty in structure.

Peele's *Edward I.* is put together with fragments of his long but sadly mutilated play; all previous efforts of editors having failed to make any considerable portion of the play intelligible. It is not pretended that this play has conspicuous merit; its main interest arising from its being the oldest of the series.

Marlowe's *Edward II.* is given almost unabridged. The author's own melodious song of the "Passionate Shepherd" has been introduced, in order to eke out a somewhat meagre scene.

Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. is now presented as one long play in five acts.

The three parts of *Henry VI*. have been re-cast, the first play now ending with Margaret's marriage, the second with the death of York, and the third

with the murder of Margaret's son.

Edward IV. is condensed from two plays by Heywood. Its delightful comic scenes serve to break the monotone of death-cries heard through the reigns of Henry VI. and Richard III.

The play of *Henry VIII.* ends with Queen Katharine's death, its true dramatic climax.

Some verbal emendations, and a few fresh readings will be found, but there is neither wish nor occasion to defend them here; the main object of this work being to render the plays popular. These chronicle plays are a peculiar glory of our own literature, and they may well be the envy of all others; but our appreciation of their value has greatly fallen since they have ceased to be acted. We have ample evidence that, at one time, by means of these plays, the English people learned their country's history: it can hardly be maintained that they no longer need such instruction. Heywood informs us that in his time "Plays have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles; and what man have you now of that weak capacity that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute until this day?" Again, in more recent times such famous men as the first Marlborough, Chatham, and Southey are said to have acknowledged their debt to Shakespeare for the foundations of their knowledge of English history: while Coleridge, having adduced proof that formerly the people were familiar with these plays, maintained that "it would be a fine national custom to act such a series of dramatic histories in orderly succession." If the work now submitted to the public will contribute to the growth of so wholesome and patriotic a custom, its end will be happily accomplished.

CONTENTS

KING JOHN *By Shakespeare* 1
KING EDWARD I. *By Peele* 65
KING EDWARD II. *By Marlowe* 97
KING EDWARD III. *By Shakespeare* (?) 171
KING RICHARD II. *By Shakespeare* 231
KING HENRY IV. " 299

KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

PRINCE HENRY, *his son.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne.*
WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*
ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*
HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP, *his half-brother, afterwards knighted as* **SIR RICHARD**.
PETER *of Pomfret.*
PHILIP, *King of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a French Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France.*
ELINOR, *widow of King Henry II., and mother to King John.*
CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*
BLANCH, *daughter to the King of Castile, and niece to King John.*

KING JOHN

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Northampton. A Room of State in the Castle.*

***Enter* KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, *and others, with* CHATILLON.**

K. John.

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat.

Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli.

A strange beginning:—'borrowed majesty'!

K. John.

Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat.

Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John.

What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat.

The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John.

Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat.

Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John.

Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

4

So, hence: Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.

Eli.

What now, my son? Have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John.

Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli.

Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but Heaven and you and I shall hear.

***Enter* SALISBURY, *with* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his half-brother*.**

Sal.

My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,

That e’er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John.

Let them approach.—
Our abbeys, and our priories shall pay
This expedition’s charge.—
What men are you?

Phil.

Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-Lion* knighted in the field.

K. John.

What art thou?

Rob.

The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John.

Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Phil.

Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known: and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth

I put you o’er to Heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men’s children may.

Eli.

Out on thee, rude man, thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil.

I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother’s plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, ‘a pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John.

A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil.

I know not why, except to get the land.
And whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him:—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John.

Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!

Eli.

He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-Lion's* face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John.

Mine eye hath well examinéd his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak:
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil.

Because he hath a half-face like my father?
With that half-face would he have all my land.

Rob.

My gracious liege, when that my father lived
Your brother did employ my father much,
And once despatched him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,

To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourned at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
As I have heard my father speak himself.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed
His lands to me; and took it on his death

6

That this, my mother's son, was none of his.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John.

Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob.

Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Phil.

Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli.

Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of *Cœur-de-Lion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Phil.

Madam, an if my brother had my shape
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuffed, my face so thin,
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place

I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli.

I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Phil.

Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,
Yet sell your face for fivepence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli.

Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil.

Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John.

What is thy name?

Phil.

Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Good old Sir Robert's wife's true eldest son.

K. John.

From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Rich.

Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.

Eli.

The very spirit of Plantagenet!

7

K. John.

Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Castle.*

***Enter* RICHARD.**

Rich.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, Sir Richard.'—'God-a-mercy, fellow'—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now, your traveller,
He and his toothpick, at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My pickéd man of countries:—'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is Question now;
And then comes Answer like an absey-book:
'O sir,' says Answer, 'at your best command;
'At your employment; at your service, sir: '
'No, sir,' says Question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours: '
And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smack of observation;—
And so am I, whether I smack, or no;—
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
This, though I will not practise to deceive,

8

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*France. Before Angiers. The French King's Tent.*

***Enter* PHILIP, *King of France*, LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and the* ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.**

K. Phi.

Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth.

God shall forgive you *Cœur-de-Lion's* death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of unstainéd love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

K. Phi.

A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust.

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walléd bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

9

Const.

O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust.

The peace of Heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi.

Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const.

Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

***Enter* CHATILLON.**

K. Phi.

A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arrived,—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

Chat.

Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stayed, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased:
And all the unsettled humours of the land.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide
To do offence and scath in Christendom. [*Drums heard.*

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand
To parley, or to fight therefore, prepare.

K. Phi.

How much unlooked for is this expedition!

Aust.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepared.

***Enter* KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *and* RICHARD.**

K. John.

Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi.

Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it then that thou art called a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat

Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John.

From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi.

From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong.
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

11

K. John.

Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi.

Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.

Eli.

Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const.

Let me make answer:—thy usurping son.

K. Phi.

King John, this is the very sum of all:
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John.

My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.

K. Phi.

Some trumpet summon hither from the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[*Trumpets sound.*

K. John.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,

And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli.

Come to thy grandam, child.

Const.

Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.

Arth.

Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli.

His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const.

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli.

Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and earth!

Const.

Thou monstrous injurer of Heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer: thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressèd boy, thy eldest son's,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child.

Eli.

Thou unadviséd scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

[*Exeunt* ELINOR *and* BLANCH.

12

Const.

Ay, who doubts that? a will: a wicked will;
A woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!

K. Phi.

Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate.

[*Exit* CONSTANCE.

Trumpets sound. ***Enter*** **Citizens.**

Cit.

Who is it that hath warned us from the walls?

K. Phi.

'Tis France, for England.

K. John.

England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi.

You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle,—

K. John.

For our advantage; therefore hear us first.—
These flags of France that are advancéd here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamagement:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixéd beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose laboured spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi.

When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vowed upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys.

13

K. Phi.

For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppresséd child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;
Then with a blesséd and unvexed retire,
With unhacked swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that bluey blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffered offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harboured in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit.

In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right we hold this town.

K. John.

Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit.

That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.

K. John.

Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,
To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi.

As many, and as well-born bloods as those,
Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit.

Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

K. John.

Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

14

K. Phi.

Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

K. John.

Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Rich.

Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

[*Exeunt*.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Before the walls of Angiers.*

Enter a* FRENCH HERALD *with trumpets, meeting* CITIZENS *who have been summoned.

F. Her.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother;
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

***Enter an* English Herald.**

E. Her.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours that marched hence so silver bright
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removéd by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first marched forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

15

Cit.

Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censuréd.
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows;
Strength matched with strength and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, **KING JOHN, RICHARD,** ***and Forces*****;** ***at the other,*** **KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA,** ***and Forces*****.**

K. John.

France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

K. Phi.

England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood

In this hot trial more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead.

Rich.

Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Why stand these royal fronts amazéd thus?
Cry, havoc, kings, back to the stained field,
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John.

Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi.

Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit.

The King of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi.

Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John.

In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit.

A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates.

Rich.

By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon chargéd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawled down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfencéd desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John.

Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Rich.

And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wronged as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dashed them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,

Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi.

Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John.

We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust.

I from the north.

K. Phi.

Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Rich.

[*Aside.*] O prudent discipline! From north to south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!

***Enter* ELINOR *and* BLANCH.**

Cit.

Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John.

Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.

Cit.

That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England. Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds, shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enragéd is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Rich.

Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgelled: not a word of his,

But buffets better than a fist of France.
'Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words,
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.

Eli.

Son, list to this conjunction, make this match.
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition.

Cit.

Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

K. Phi.

Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John.

If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea—
Except this city now by us besieged—
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hands with any princess of the world.

K. Phi.

What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew.

I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle.
I do protest, I never loved myself,
Till now infixéd I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

19

Rich.

'Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,'
Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quartered in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hanged, and drawn, and quartered, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch.

My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you that makes him like
That anything he sees which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;—
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John.

What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch.

That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John.

Speak then, Prince Dauphin: can you love this lady?

Lew.

Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John.

Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty-thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi.

It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust.

And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first affied.

K. Phi.

Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—
[*Exuent Citizens.*
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,

Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she, and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew.

She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi.

And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turned another way,

To our own vantage.

K. John.

We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust, we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlooked-for unpreparéd pomp.

[*Exeunt all but* RICHARD.

Rich.

Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, hath rounded[1] in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,[2]
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids.
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peiséd well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same bias, this Commodity,

[1] *Whispered.* [2] *Self-interest.*

21

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on, this Commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet.
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The French King's Tent.*

***Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.**

Const.

Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:

Believe me I do not believe thee, man:
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punished for thus frighting me;
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

22

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal.

As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const.

O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal.

What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const.

Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth.

I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const.

If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

23

Sal.

Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const.

Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.

To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit,
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Seats herself on the ground.*

***Enter* KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, RICHARD, *and* AUSTRIA.**

K. Phi.

'Tis true, fair daughter, and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holy day.

Const. [*Rising.*]

A wicked day, and not a holy day!
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.

K. Phi.

By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawned to you my majesty?

Const.

You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn:
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,

But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!

24

A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set arméd discord ‘twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust.

Lady Constance, peace!

Const.

War! war! no peace! Peace is to me a war.
O Limoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little-valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune’s champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured too,
And sooth’st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side;
Been sworn my soldier; bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion’s hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust.

O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Rich.

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John.

We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter **PANDULPH.**

K. Phi.

Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand.

Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see:
This, in our foresaid holy Father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

25

K. John.

What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
So, under Him that Great Supremacy,
Where we do reign we will alone uphold,

Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurped authority.

K. Phi.

Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John.

Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand.

Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate:
And blesséd shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic.

Const.

Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand.

There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const.

And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand.

Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli.

Look’st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const.

Look to that, Devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

K. John.

Philip, what say’st thou to the Cardinal?

Const.

What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lew.

Bethink you, father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch.

That’s the curse of Rome.

Const.

O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new-uptrimméd bride.

K. Phi.

I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Pand.

What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi.

Good reverend Father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet;
Play fast and loose with faith, so jest with Heaven;
Make such unconstant children of ourselves
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,

Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend Father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blessed
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand.

All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church,
Or let the Church, our Mother, breathe her curse,
A Mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chaféd lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi.

I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand.

So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to Heaven first be to Heaven performed;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion:
Therefore, thy later vow, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Lew.

Father, to arms!

Blanch.

Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast marriéd?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const.

O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven!

Blanch.

Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const.

That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour. O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.

Lew.

I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand.

I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi.

Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.

Const.

O fair return of banished majesty!

Eli.

O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

28

K. John.

France, thou shalt rue this hour, within this hour.

Blanch.

The sun’s o’ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both; each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may’st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may’st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assuréd loss, before the match be played.

Lew.

Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch.

There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John.

Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
[*Exit* RICHARD.
France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi.

Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John.

No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie!

[Exeunt.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*In Castle of Angiers.*

Shouts of triumph. Enter* KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, RICHARD, HUBERT, *and Lords.

K. John.

[*To* ELINOR.] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded. [*To* ARTHUR.] Cousin, look not sad;

29

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth.

O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John.

[To RICHARD.] Cousin, away for England: haste before;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprisoned angels: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Rich.

Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli.

Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell. [*Exit* RICHARD.

Eli.

Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*

K. John.

Come hither, Hubert.—O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished,—
Give me thy hand.—I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub.

I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John.

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have and creep time ne’er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.—
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,

And thou possesséd with a thousand wrongs;—
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy thick,—
Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;—
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,—
Then, in despite of brooded-watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.—
But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub.

So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I would do it.

K. John.

Do not I know, thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert,—Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,—
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub.

And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John.

Death.

Hub.

My lord?

K. John.

A grave.

Hub.

He shall not live.

K. John.

Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember Hubert.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli.

My blessing go with thee!

K. John.

For England, cousin: go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The French King's Tent.*

Enter* KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.

Pand.

Courage and comfort: all shall yet go well.

K. Phi.

What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

***Enter* CONSTANCE.**

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I prythee, lady, go away with me.

Const.

Lo now, now see the issue of your peace:

K. Phi.

Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance!

Const.

No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestáble bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself!
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi.

O fair affliction, peace!

Const.

No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand.

Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const.

Thou art unholy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to Heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And, Cardinal, thou shalt be canonizéd;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be delivered of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi.

Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const.

To England, if you will.

K. Phi.

Bind up your hairs.

Const.

Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
'O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.

33

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand.

You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const.

He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi.

You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:

Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head
When there is such disorder in my wit.
[*Tears off her head-dress.*
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi.

I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Pand.

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew.

All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand.

If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew.

As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand.

Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur: and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatched with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then, Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew.

But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand.

You, in the right of Lady Blanch, your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew.

And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand.

How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots: the times conspire with you,
This act so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal.

Lew.

May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand.

O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:

And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named?—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow tumbled about
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king. ‘Tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England, go; I will whet on the king.

35

Lew.

Strong reasons make strong actions. Let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Northampton. A Room in the Castle.*

***Enter* HUBERT *and two* Attendants.**

Hub.

Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1 Atten.

I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub.

Uncleanly scruples: fear not you: look to ‘t.—

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter **ARTHUR.**

Arth.

Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub.

Good morrow, little prince.

Arth.

As little prince—having so great a title
To be more prince—as may be.—You are sad.

Hub.

Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth.

Mercy on me,
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub.

[*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth.

Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub.

[*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur.
[*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum,
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth.

Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub.

Young boy, I must.

Arth.

And will you?

Hub.

And I will.

Arth.

Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,—
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying, ‘What lack you?’ and, ‘Where lies your grief?’
Or, ‘What good love may I perform for you?’
Many a poor man’s son would have lain still
And ne’er have spoke a loving word to you,
But you at your sick-service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning: do, an if you will.
If Heaven be pleased that you will use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub.

I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth.

Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him; no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub.

Come forth! Come forth! [*Stamps.*

Re-enter* Attendants, *with cords and irons.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth.

O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub.

Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth.

Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?

I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub.

Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

Atten.

I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth.

Alas, I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub.

Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth.

Is there no remedy?

Hub.

None but to lose your eyes.

Arth.

O Heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub.

Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth.

Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub.

I can heat it, boy.

Arth.

No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub.

But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth.

An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub.

Well, see to live, I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth.

O, now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.

Hub.

Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these doggéd spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth.

O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub.

Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Northampton. A Room of State in the Castle.*

Enter* KING JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords. *The* KING *takes his State.

K. John.

Here once again we sit, crowned once again,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem.

This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land

With any longed-for change, or better state.

Sal.

Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title, that was rich before,
To gild refinéd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem.

But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new-told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urgéd at a time unseasonable.

Sal.

In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfiguréd;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashioned robe.

Pem.

When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:

As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.

Sal.

To this effect, before you were new-crowned,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John.

Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with meantime, but ask
What you would have reformed that is not well;
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem.

Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:—
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why should your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask, his liberty.

Enter **HUBERT.**

K. John.

Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?
[HUBERT *whispers the* KING.

Pem.

This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault

41

Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe ‘tis done,
What we so feared he had a charge to do.

Sal.

The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience.

K. John.

We cannot hold mortality’s strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal.

Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.

Pem.

Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answered, either here, or hence.

K. John.

Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal.

It is apparent foul play; and ‘tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it.

So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem.

Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcéd grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt* Lords.

K. John.

They burn in indignation. I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—how goes all in France?

Mess.

From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learned by them;

For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.

K. John.

O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess.

My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust: the first of April died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John.

Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mess.

Under the Dauphin.

***Enter* RICHARD, *and* PETER *of Pomfret*.**

K. John.

Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Rich.

But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John.

Bear with me, cousin, for I was amazed
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Rich.

How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.

But as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possessed with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;

43

To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John.

Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter.

Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John.

Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.

[*Exit* HUBERT *with* PETER.]—

O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Rich.

The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it;
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is killed to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John.

Gentle kinsman, go,

And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Rich.

I will seek them out.

K. John.

Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Rich.

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit*.

K. John.

Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.

Mess.

With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit*.

K. John.

My mother dead!

***Re-enter* HUBERT.**

Hub.

My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:

Four fixéd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John.

Five moons?

Hub.

Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailéd and ranked in Kent:—
Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John.

Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him:
I had a mighty cause to wish him dead,
But thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub.

Had none, my lord!—why, did you not provoke me?

K. John.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub.

Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John.

O, when the last account ‘twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,

45

Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur’s death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub.

My lord,—

K. John.

Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub.

Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slandered nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John.

Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenséd rage,

And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; rum more fast.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*Northampton. Before the Castle.*

Enter **ARTHUR,** *on the Walls***.**

Arth.

The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down*.
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies*.

Enter **PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,** *and* **BIGOT.**

Sal.

Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem.

Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal.

The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big.

To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal.

Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter **RICHARD.**

Rich.

Once more to-day well met, distempered lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal.

The king hath dispossessed himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestainéd cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so we know the worst.

Rich.

Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal.

Our griefs and not our manners reason now.

Rich.

But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem.

Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Rich.

'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal.

This is the prison.— [*Seeing* ARTHUR.]
What is he lies here?

Pem.

O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal.

Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big.

Or when he doomed this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal.

Sir Richard, what think you? This is the top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Rich.

It is a damnéd and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal.

If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem.

Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter **HUBERT.**

Hub.

Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.

Sal.

O, he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.

Hub.

I am no villain.

Sal.

Must I rob the law!

[*Drawing his sword*.

Rich.

Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal.

Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub.

Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say:
By Heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big.

Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub.

Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal.

Thou art a murderer.

Hub.

Do not prove me so:
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem.

Cut him to pieces.

Rich.

Keep the peace, I say.

Sal.

Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Rich.

Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy healthy spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big.

What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub.

Lord Bigot, I am none.

49

Big.

Who killed this prince?

Hub.

'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honoured him, I loved him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long-traded in it, makes it seen
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big.

Away, toward Bury: to the Dauphin there!

Pem.

There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.

Rich.

Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.

Hub.

Do but hear me, sir,—

Rich.

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub.

Upon my soul,—

Rich.

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself
Put but a little water in a spoon
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub.

If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Rich.

Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!

Rich.

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-picked bone of majesty
Doth doggéd war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—*A Room of State in the Castle.*

Enter* KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John.

Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand.

[*Giving* JOHN *the crown*.] Take again
From this my hand as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John.

Now keep your holy word: go meet the French:
And from His Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.

Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

Pand.

It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

51

Pand.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit*.

K. John.

Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, Heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary.

***Enter* RICHARD.**

Rich.

All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John.

Would not my lords return to me again,

After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Rich.

They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John.

That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Rich.

So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

Rich.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said. Forage, and run

Rich.

To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

K. John.

The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Rich.

O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cockered silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John.

Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Rich.

Away, then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.—*Near Saint Edmund's Bury. The Dauphin's Tent.*

Enter in arms,* LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.

Lew.

My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal.

Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and unurged faith
To your proceedings, yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemned revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound

53

By making many. O, it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time
That, for the health and physic of our right
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grievéd friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw, and weep.

Lew.

A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter **PANDULPH,** ***attended.***

Lew.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand.

Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this:—King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace.

54

Lew.

Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have banked their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match played for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand.

You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew.

Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promiséd
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And culled these fiery spirits from the world
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds*.

Lew.

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

***Enter* RICHARD, *attended*.**

Rich.

According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.
My holy Lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand.

The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporise with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Rich.

By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well.—Now, hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should,
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an arméd Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement!
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And, like an eagle, o'er his eyry towers
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.

Lew.

There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand.

Give me leave to speak.

Rich.

No, I will speak.

Lew.

We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Rich.

Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,

56

That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder: for at hand—
Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need—
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew.

Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Rich.

And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt*.

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Near St. Edmund's Bury. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. ***Enter*** **KING JOHN** ***and*** **HUBERT.**

K. John.

How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub.

Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John.

This fever that hath troubled me so long
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

Mess.

My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John.

Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess.

Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John.

Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt*.

Alarums. ***Enter* SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and others*.**

Sal.

I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem.

Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal.

That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem.

They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

***Enter* MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers*.**

Mel.

Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal.

When we were happy we had other names.

Pem.

It is the Count Melun.

Sal.

Wounded to death.

Mel.

Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if French Lewis be lord of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me.

Sal.

May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel.

Have I not hideous death within my view?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,

He is forsworn if e’er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence

From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal.

We do believe thee,—and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damnéd flight;
And, like a bated and retiréd flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o’erlooked,
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

Night comes on. Retreat sounded.

Enter **LEWIS** *and his Train*.

Lew.

The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stayed and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measured backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a **Messenger.**

Mess.

Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew.

Here.—What news?

Mess.

The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.

Lew.

Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess.

Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew.

Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—An Open Place near Swinstead Abbey. Night.

***Enter* RICHARD *and* HUBERT, *severally*.**

Hub.
Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Rich.
A friend.—What art thou?
Hub.
Of the part of England.
Rich.
Whither dost thou go?
Hub.
What's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Rich.
Hubert, I think.
Hub.
Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Rich.
Who thou wilt and, if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub.
Unkind Remembrance, thou, and endless night,
Have done me shame! Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Rich.

Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub.

Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Rich.

Brief then; and what's the news?

Hub.

O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Rich.

Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

Hub.

The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk;

60

I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Rich.

Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub.

Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Rich.

Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devouréd them:
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead or e'er I come. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter **Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.**

P. Hen.

It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter **PEMBROKE.**

Pem.

His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief
That being brought into the open air
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen.

Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.

Pem.

He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,

And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal.

Be of good comfort; prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter* BIGOT *and Attendants, who bring in* KING JOHN *in a chair.

K. John.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors,
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen.

How fares your majesty?

K. John.

Poisoned,—ill fare; dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchéd lips
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen.

O, that there were some virtue in my tears
That might relieve you!

K. John.

The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannise
On unreprievable-condemnéd blood.

Enter **RICHARD.**

Rich.

O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John.

O, cousin, thou are come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned;
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turnéd to one thread, one little hair:

62

Rich.

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utteréd,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Rich.

The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where Heaven He knows how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The* KING *dies*.

Sal.

You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now, a king; now, thus.

P. Hen.

Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Rich.

Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,

Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal.

It seems you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Rich.

He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewéd to our defence,

Sal.

Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatched
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Rich.

Let it be so. And you, my noble prince,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

63

P. Hen.

At Worcester must his body be interred:
For so he willed it.

Rich.

Thither shall it then.

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land:
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal.

And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen.

I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Rich.

O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt*.

KING EDWARD I

PERSONS REPRESENTED

EDWARD I., *King of England, surnamed* **LONGSHANKS**.
EDMUND, *Duke of Lancaster, his brother.*
GILBERT DE CLARE, *Earl of Glocester.*
MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
EARL OF SUSSEX.
JOHN BALIOL, *elected King of Scotland.*
LLUELLEN, *Prince of Wales.*

SIR DAVID OF BRECKNOCK, *his brother.*
RICE AP MEREDITH.
OWEN AP RICE.
GUENTHER.
QUEEN-MOTHER.
QUEEN ELINOR.
JOAN OF ACON, *her daughter.*
LADY ELINOR.

KING EDWARD I

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. Westminster Hall.*

***Enter the* QUEEN-MOTHER, GLOCESTER, SUSSEX, MORTIMER, SIR DAVID, *and others*.**

Q. Mother.

My Lord of Glocester, and Lord Mortimer,
To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
That, as we hear, is newly come a-land
From Palestine, with all his men of war,
(The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
Preserved by miracle in Sicil road),
Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way:
Pray him to spur his steed: minutes are hours,
Until his mother see her princely son
Shining in glory of his safe return.

[*Exeunt* GLOCESTER *and* MORTIMER.

Sussex.

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,

Whose chivalry hath royaliz'd thy fame:
What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms,
What barbarous people, stubborn or untamed,
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
Erst have not quaked and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
Awed with her deeds, and jealous of her arms,
Have begged defensive and offensive leagues.
Thus Europe rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath feared brave England, dreadful in her kings.

Q. Mother.

And now to eternize Albion's champions,
Equivalent with Trojan's ancient fame,

68

Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
His stretchéd sails filled with the breath of men
That through the world admire his manliness
And lo, at last arrived in Dover-road,
Edward, your king, your glory, and our son,
With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
Higher than all his army by the head,
Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes!
And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

***Enter* GLOCESTER, MORTIMER, KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELINOR, JOAN, LANCASTER, *and* Soldiers.**

Edward and Lancaster! O my sweet sons!
[*Swoons*.

Edw.

Help, ladies!—O ingrateful destiny,
To welcome Edward with this tragedy!

Glocester.

Patient, your highness: ‘tis but mother’s love
Revived with sight of her thrice-valiant sons.
Madam, amaze not see his majesty
Returned with glory from the holy land.

Q. Mother.

Brave sons, the worthy champions of our God,
The honourable soldiers of the Highest,
Bear with your mother, whose abundant love
With tears of joy salutes your sweet return
From famous journeys hard and fortunate.
But, lords, alas, how heavy is our loss
Since your departure to these Christian wars!
The king your father, and the prince your son,
And your brave uncle, Almain’s emperor,
Ay me, are dead!

Edw.

Take comfort, madam; leave these sad laments:
Dear was my uncle, dearer was my son,
And ten times dearer was my noble father;
Yet, were their lives valu’d at thousand worlds,
They cannot scape th’ arrest of dreadful death,
Death that doth seize and summon all alike.
Then, leaving them to heavenly blessedness,

To join in thrones of glory with the just,
I do salute your royal majesty,
My gracious mother-queen, and you, my lords,
Gilbert de Clare, Sussex, and Mortimer,
And all the princely states of England’s peers,

With health and honour to your hearts' content.
And welcome, wishéd England, on whose ground
These feet so often have desir'd to tread:
Welcome, sweet queen, my fellow-traveller,
Welcome, sweet Nell, my fellow-mate in arms,
Whose eyes have seen the slaughter'd Saracens
Pil'd in the ditches of Jerusalem:
And lastly welcome, manly followers,
That bear the scars of honour and of arms,
And on your war-drums carry crowns as kings,
Crown mural, naval, and triumphant all;
At view of whom the Turks have trembling fled
Like sheep before the wolves, and Saracens
Have made their cottages in walléd towns;
But bulwarks had no fence to beat you back.
Lords, these are they will enter brazen gates,
And tear down lime and mortar with their nails:
Embrace them, barons: these have got the name
Of English gentlemen and knights-at-arms;
Not one of these but in the champaign field
Hath won his crown, his collar, and his spurs.
Not Cæsar, leading through the streets of Rome
The captive kings of conquer'd nations,
Was in his princely triumphs honour'd more
Than English Edward in this martial sight.
Countrymen,
Your limbs are lost in service of the Lord,
Which is your glory and your country's fame:
For limbs you shall have living, lordships, lands,
And be my counsellors in war's affairs.
Soldiers, sit down.—Nell, sit thee by my side.—
These be Prince Edward's pompous treasury.

[*They sit*.

Lancaster.

O glorious Capitol! beauteous senate-house!
Triumphant Edward, how, like sturdy oaks,
Do these thy soldiers circle thee about,

70

To shield and shelter thee from winter's storms!
Display thy cross, old Aimes of the Vies:
Dub on your drums, tannéd with India's sun,
My lusty western lads: Matrevers, thou
Sound proudly here a perfect point of war
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return.
[*Drums, trumpets*.

Edw.

O God, my God, the brightness of my day,
How oft hast Thou preserv'd Thy servant safe,
By sea and land, yea, in the gates of death!
O God, to Thee how highly am I bound
For setting me with these on English ground!
One of my mansion-houses will I give
To be a college for my maiméd men,
Where every one shall have an hundred marks
Of yearly pension to his maintenance:
A soldier that for Christ and country fights
Shall want no living whilst King Edward lives.
Lords, you that love me, now be liberal,
And give your largess to these maiméd men.

Q. Mother.

Towards this erection doth thy mother give,
Out of her dower, five thousand pounds of gold,
To find them surgeons to recure their wounds;
And whilst this ancient standard-bearer lives,
He shall have forty pound of yearly fee,
And be my beadsman, father, if you please.

Edw.

Madam, I tell you, England never bred
A better soldier than your beadsman is;
And that the Soldan and his army felt.

Lancaster.

Out of the duchy of rich Lancaster,
To find soft bedding for their bruiséd bones,
Duke Edmund gives three thousand pounds of gold.

Edw.

Happy is England under Edward's reign,
When men are had so highly in regard
That nobles strive who shall remunerate
The soldiers' resolution with reward.

Glocester.

My gracious lord, as erst I was assigned
Lieutenant, here I render up the crown,
Left with me by your father King Henry;
Who on his death-bed still did call for you,
And dying willed to you the diadem.

71

Edw.

Thanks, worthy lord, and seeing by doom of heaven,
And lawful line of our succession,
Unworthy Edward is become your king,
We take it as a blessing from on high,
And will our coronation solemnized
Upon the fourteenth of December next.

Q. Elinor.

Alas, my lord, the time is all too short
And sudden for so great solemnity:
A year were scarce enough to set a-work
Embroiderers and men of rare device,
For preparation of so great estate.
Trust me, sweet Ned, hardly shall I methink

In twenty weeks what fashion robes to wear.
I pray thee, then defer it till the spring,
That we may have our garments point-device.
I mean to send for tailors into Spain,
That shall confer of some fantastic suits
With those that be our cunning'st Englishmen.
What, let me brave it now or never, Ned!

Edw.

Content ye, Ned: would that were greatest care!
You shall have garments to your heart's desire.
I never read but Englishmen excelled
For change of rare devices every way.

Q. Elinor.

Yet pray thee, Ned, my love, my lord and king,
My fellow-soldier, and compeer in arms,
Do so much honour to thy Elinor,
To wear a suit that she shall give thy grace;
Of her own cost and workmanship perhaps.

Q. Mother.

'Twill come by leisure, daughter, then, I fear:
Thou'rt too fine fingered to be quick at work.

Edw.

'Twixt us a greater matter breaks no square,
So it be such, my Nell, as may beseem
The majesty and greatness of a king.—
And now, my lords and loving friends,
Follow your general unto the court,
After his travels, to repose him then,
There to recount with pleasure what is past
Of war's alarums, showers, and sharpest storms.

[*Exeunt all except* Q. ELINOR *and* JOAN.

Q. Elinor.

Now, Elinor, now England's lovely queen,
Bethink thee of the greatness of thy state,

And how to bear thyself with royalty
Above the other queens of Christendom;
That Spain reaping renown by Elinor,
And Elinor adding renown to Spain,
Britain may her magnificence admire.—
I tell thee, Joan, what time our highness sits
Under our royal canopy of state,
Glistering with pendants of pure gold,
Like as our seat were spangled all with stars,
The world shall wonder at our majesty,
As if the daughter of eternal Ops,
Were in her royal seat enthronizéd.

Joan.

Madam, if Joan thy daughter may advise,
Let not your honour make your manners change.
The people of this land are men of war,
The women courteous, mild, and debonair;
Laying their very lives at princes' feet
That govern with familiar majesty.
But if their sovereigns once 'gin swell with pride,
Disdaining commons' love, which is the strength
And sureness of the richest commonwealth,
That prince were better live a private life
Than rule with tyranny and discontent.

Q. Elinor.

Indeed, we count them headstrong Englishmen;
But we shall hold them in a Spanish yoke,
And make them know their lord and sovereign.
Come, daughter, let us home for to provide;
For all the cunning workmen of this isle
In our great chamber shall be set a-work,
And in my hall shall bountifully feed.
My king, like Phœbus, bridegroom-like, shall march

With lovely Thetis to her glassy bed,
And all the lookers-on shall stand amaz'd
To see King Edward and his lovely queen
Sit royally in England's stately throne. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales.*

***Enter* LLUELLEN, RICE AP MEREDITH, *and* OWEN AP RICE.**

Lluellen.

Come, Rice, and rouse thee for thy country's good:
Follow the man that means to make you great;
Follow Lluellen, rightful Prince of Wales,
Sprung from the loins of great Cadwallader,
Descended from the line of Trojan Brute.
And though the traitorous Saxons, Normans, Danes,
Have pent the true remains of glorious Troy
Within the western mountains of this isle,
Yet have we hope to climb these stony pales,
When Londoners, as Romans erst, amaz'd,
Shall trembling cry, "Lluellen's at the gate!"
T' accomplish this, thus have I brought you forth
Disguis'd to Milford-Haven: here attend
The landing of the Lady Elinor.
Her stay doth make me muse; the wind stands fair,
And ten days hence we did expect them here.
Neptune, be favourable to my love,
And steer her keel with thy three-forkéd mace,
That from this shore I may behold her sails,
And in mine arms embrace my dearest dear.

Rice ap Mer.

Brave Prince of Wales, this honourable match

Cannot but turn to Cambria's common good.
Simon de Montfort, her thrice-valiant son,
That in the barons' wars was general,
Was lov'd and honour'd of the Englishmen:
When they shall hear she's your espouséd wife,
Assure your grace we shall have great supply
To make our roads in England mightily.

Owen ap Rice.

What we resolv'd must strongly be perform'd,
Before the king return from Palestine.
Whilst he wins glory at Jerusalem,
Let us win ground upon the Englishmen.

Lluellen.

Owen ap Rice, 'tis that Lluellen fears:
I fear me Edward will be come ashore

Ere we can make provision for the war.
But be it as it will, within his court
My brother David is, that bears a face
As if he were my greatest enemy.
He by this craft shall creep into his heart,
And give intelligence from time to time
Of his intentions, drifts, and stratagems.
Here let us rest upon the salt sea shore,
And while our eyes long for our hearts' desires,
Let us, like friends, pastíme us on the sands.
Our frolic minds are ominous for good.

***Enter* GUENTHER *with letters*.**

Lluellen.

What tidings bringeth Guenther with his haste?
Say, man, what bodes thy message, good or bad?

Guenther.

Bad, my lord; and all in vain, I wot,
Thou dart'st thine eyes upon the wallowing main,
As erst did Ægeus to behold his son,
To welcome and receive thy welcome love;
And sable sails he saw, and so mayst thou,
For whose mishap the brackish seas lament.
Edward, O, Edward!

Lluellen.

And what of him?

Guenther.

Landed he is at Dover with his men,
From Palestine safe; by his English lords
Receiv'd in triumph, like an earthly god;
He lives to wear his father's diadem,
And sway the sword of British Albion.
But Elinor, thy Elinor!

Lluellen.

What of her?
Hath amorous Neptune gaz'd upon my love,
And stopt her passage with his forkéd mace?
Or, that I rather fear,—O deadly fear!—
Doth Nereus withhold my Elinor?

Guenther.

Nor Nereus, Neptune, nor other god
Withholdeth from my gracious lord his love:
But cruel Edward, that injurious king,
Withholds thy liefest lovely Elinor,
Ta'en in a pinnace on the narrow seas
By four tall ships of Bristow, and with her

Lord Emerick, her unhappy noble brother,
As from Montargis hitherward they sail'd
This say in brief these letters tell at large.

[*LLUELLEN reads*.

Lluellen.

Is Longshanks, then, so lusty now become?
Is my fair love, my beauteous Elinor, ta'en?
Villains, damn'd villains, not to guard her safe,
Or fence her sacred person from her foes!
Sun, couldst thou shine, and see my love beset,
And didst not clothe thy clouds in fiery coats,
O'er all the heavens, with wingéd sulphur flames,
As when thy beams, like mounted combatants,
Battled with Python in the fallow'd lays?
But if kind Cambria deign me good aspéct,
To make me chiefest Brute of western Wales,
I'll short that gain-legg'd Longshanks by the top,
And make his flesh my murdering falchion's food.
To arms, true Britons, sprung of Trojans' seed,
And with your swords write in the Book of Time
Your British names in characters of blood!
Owen ap Rice. while we stay for further force,
Prepare, away in post, and take with thee
A hundred chosen of thy countrymen,
And scour the marches with your Welshmen's hooks,
That Englishmen may think the devil is come.
Rice shall remain with me; make thou thy bode
In resolution to revenge these wrongs
With blood of thousands guiltless of this rage.
Fly thou on them amain!—Edward, my love
Be thy life's bane!—Follow me, countrymen!
Words make no way: my Elinor is surpriz'd;
Robb'd am I of the comfort of my life;
And know I this, and am not veng'd on him? [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—*London. Within the Palace.*

***Enter from the coronation,* KING EDWARD *(in his suit of glass),* QUEEN ELINOR, *the* SCOTTISH KING, *and others*.**

Edw.

Our coronation's due solemnity
Is ended with applause of all estates;

76

Now then, let us repose and rest us here.
And loving England, to thy lovely queen,
Queen Elinor, unto her turn thy eye,
Whose honour cannot choose but love thee well.

Q. Elinor.

The welkin spangled through with golden spots,
Reflects no finer in a frosty night
Than lovely Edward in his Elinor's eye:
See Ned thy Nell in every part of thee,
Thy person's guarded with a troop of queens,
And every queen as brave as Elinor.
Give glory to those glorious crystal quarries,
Where every robe an object entertains
Of rich device and princely majesty.
Thus like Narcissus, diving in the deep,
I die in honour and in England's arms;
And if I drown, it is in my delight,
Whose company is chiefest, life in death,
From forth whose coral lips I suck the sweet
Wherewith are dainty Cupid's caudles made.
Then live or die, brave Ned, or sink or swim,
An earthly bliss it is to look on him,—
On thee, sweet Ned. It shall become thy Nell
Bounteous to be unto the beauteous.
Open thy arms, sweet fountains of my bliss,
And I will stand on tiptoe for a kiss.

Edw.

He had no thought of any gentle heart,
That would not feel desire for such desert.
If any heavenly joy in woman be,
Sweet of all sweets, sweet Nell, it is in thee.—
Now lords, along by this the Earl of March,
Lord Mortimer, o'er Cambria's mountain-tops
Hath ranged his men, and feels Lluellen's mind:
To which confines, that will in waiting be,
Our solemn coronation-service past,
We will amain to back our friends at need;
And into Wales our men-at-arms shall march,
And we with them in person, foot by foot.
Brother of Scotland, you shall to your home,
And live in honour there fair England's friend.
And thou, sweet Nell, Queen of King Edward's heart

77

Shall now come lesser at thy dainty love,
And at Carnarvon meet thy loving peers,
When storms are past, and we have cooled the rage
Of these rebellious Welshmen, that contend
'Gainst England's majesty and Edward's crown.
Sound trumpets! Heralds, lead the train along:
This be King Edward's feast and holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Outside Carnarvon Castle.*

***Enter* RICE AP MEREDITH, SIR DAVID, *and* LLUELLEN.**

Sir David.

Soft! is it not Meredith I behold?

Lluellen.

All good, all friends.—Meredith, see the man
Must make us great, and raise Lluellen's head:
Fight thou, Lluellen, for thy friend and thee.

Rice ap Mer.

Fight, maugre fortune strong, our battle's strong,
And bear thy foes before thy pointed lance.

Sir David.

Not too much prowess, good my lord, at once:
Some talk of policy another while.

Lluellen.

Sir David's wit is full of good device,
And kindly will perform what he pretends.

Sir David.

Enough of this, my lord, at once.
What will you, that I hold the king in hand?
Or what shall I especially advise,
Sitting in council with the English lords,
That so my counsel may avail my friends?

Lluellen.

David, if thou wilt best for me devise,
Advise my love be render'd to my hand.
Tell them the chains that Mulciber erst made
To tie Prometheus' limbs to Caucasus,
Nor Furies' fangs shall hold me long from her,
But I will have her from th' usurper's tent,
My beauteous Elinor! If aught in this,

If in this case thy wit may boot thy friends,
Express it, then, in this, in nothing else.

Sir David.

Ay, there's a card that puts us to our trump;
For might I see the star of Leicester's loins,

It were enough to darken and obscure
This Edward's glory, fortune, and his pride.
First, hereof can I put you out of doubt:
Lord Mortimer of the king hath her in charge,
And honourably entreats your Elinor.
Some think he prays Lluellen were in heaven,
And thereby hopes to couch his love on earth.

Lluellen.

No: where Lluellen mounts, there Ellen flies.
Inspeakable are my thoughts for her:
She's not from me in death to be divorc'd.
Go to, it shall be so; so shall it be.
Edward is full resolvéd of thy faith,
So are the English lords and barons all:
Then what may let thee to intrude on them
Some new-found stratagem to feel their wit?

Sir David.

It is enough. Meredith, take my weapons;
I am your prisoner; say so at the least.
Go hence, and when you parle on the walls,
Make show of monstrous tyranny you intend
To execute on me, as on the man
That shamefully rebels 'gainst kin and kind;
And 'less thou have thy love, and make thy peace
With such conditions as shall best concern,
David must die, say thou, a shameful death.
Edward, perhaps, with ruth and pity mov'd,
Will in exchange yield Elinor to thee,
And thou by me shalt gain thy heart's desire.

Lluellen.

Sweetly advis'd: David, thou blessest me,
My brother David, lengthener of my life!—
Friends, gratulate to me my joyful hopes. [*Exeunt.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD, SUSSEX, MORTIMER, *and others*.**

Edw.

Why, barons, suffer ye our foes to breathe?
Assault, assault, and charge them all amain!
They fear, they fly, they faint, they fight in vain.
But where is gentle David? in his den?

79

Loth were I aught but good should him betide.
[*Sound an alarum.*

***Enter, on the walls,* LLUELLEN, *and* Soldiers.**

Where is the proud disturber of our state,
Traitor to Wales and to his sovereign?

Lluellen.

Usurper, here I am. What dost thou crave?

Edw.

Welshman, allegiance, which thou ow'st thy king.

Lluellen.

Traitor, no king, that seeks thy country's sack,
The famous runagate of Christendom.

Edw.

Ambitious rebel, know'st thou what I am,
How great, how famous, and how fortunate?
And dar'st thou carry arms against me here,
Even when thou shouldst do reverence at my feet?
Yea, fear'd and honourd in the farthest parts
Hath Edward been, the noble Henry's son.
Traitor, this sword unsheath'd hath shinéd oft
With reeking in the blood of Saracens.
Sitting before the gates of Nazareth,
My horse's hoofs I stain'd in pagan's gore,
Sending whole centuries of heathen souls
To Pluto's house: this sword, this thirsty sword,

Aims at thy head, and shall, I hope, ere long,
Gage and divide thy bowels and thy bulk,
Disloyal villain, thou, and what is more?

Lluellen.

Why, thinkest thou I will be scar'd with words?
No: didst thou speak in thunder like to Jove,
Or shouldst thou as Briareus, shake at once
A hundred bloody swords with bloody hands,
I tell thee, Longshanks, here he faceth thee
Whom naught can daunt, no, not the stroke of death.
Resolv'd ye see: but see the chance of war:

***Enter* DAVID, *guarded*.**

Know'st thou a traitor an thou seest his head?
Then, Longshanks, look this villain in the face:
This rebel, he hath wrought his country's wreck;
Base rascal, bad and hated in his kind,
Object of wrath, and subject of revenge.

Edw.

Lluellen, call'st thou this the chance of war?
Bad for us all, perdy, but worse for him.—
Courage, Sir David! kings thou know'st must die,
And noble minds all dastard fear defy.

Sir David.

Renowned Edward, star of England's globe,
My liefest lord and sweetest sovereign,
Glorious and happy is this chance to me,
To reap this fame and honour in my death,—
That I was hew'd with foul-defiléd hands
For my belovéd king and country's good,
And died in grace and favour with my prince.—
Seize on me, bloody butchers, with your paws:

It is but temporal that you can inflict.

Edw.

Bravely resolv'd, brave soldier, by my life!

Mortimer.

Lluellen, in the midst of all thy braves,
How wilt thou use thy brother thou hast ta'en?
Wilt thou not let his master ransom him?

Lluellen.

No, nor his mistress, gallant Mortimer,
With all the gold and silver of the land.

Rice ap Mer.

Ransom this Judas to his father's line!
Ransom this traitor to his brother's life!
No.—Take that earnest-penny of thy death.—
[*Seems to stab* SIR DAVID.
This touch, my lord, comes nothing near the mark.

Edw.

O villain, hold thy hands! but ask and have.

Lluellen.

We will not ask nor have. Seest thou these tools?
[*Shows hot pincers.*
These be the dogs shall bait him to the death,
And shall by piece-meals tear his cursed flesh;
And in thy sight here shall he hang and pine.

Edw.

O villains, traitors, how will I be veng'd!

Lluellen.

What, threat'st thou, Edward? Desperate minds contemn
That fury menaceth: see thy words' effects.
[*Seems to cut* SIR DAVID.

Sir David.

O gracious heavens, dissolve me into clay!
This tyranny is more than flesh can bear.

Edw.

Bear it, brave mind, sith nothing but thy blood

May satisfy in this extreme estate.

Sussex.

My lord, it is in vain to threaten them;
They are resolv'd, ye see, upon his death.

81

Edw.

Sussex, his death, they all shall buy it dear:
Offer them any favour for his life,
Pardon, or peace, or aught what is beside:
So love me God as I regard my friends!—
Lluellen, let me have thy brother's life
Even at what rate and ransom thou wilt name.

Lluellen.

Edward, King Edward, as thou list be term'd,
Thou know'st thou hast my beauteous Elinor:
Produce her forth to plead for David's life;
She may obtain more than an host of men.

Edw.

Wilt thou exchange thy prisoner for thy love?

Lluellen.

Talk no more to me; let me see her face.

Mortimer.

Why will your majesty be all so base
To stoop to his demands in every thing?

Edw.

Fetch her at once; good Mortimer, be gone.
[*Exit* MORTIMER.

Rice ap Mer.

Apace, Mortimer, if thou love thy friend.

Edw.

See, Sussex, how he bleedeth in my eye,
That beareth fortune's shock triumphantly.

Rice ap Mer.

News, my lord, a star from out the sea;

The sun is risen and made a summer's day.

Re-enter MORTIMER, *conducting in the* LADY ELINOR.

Lluellen.

What, Nell, sweet Nell, do I behold thy face?
Fall heavens, fleet stars, shine Phœbus' lamp no more!
This is the planet lends this world her light;
Star of my fortune this, that shineth bright,
Queen of my heart, loadstar of my delight,
Fair mould of beauty, miracle of fame.
O, let me die with Elinor in mine arms!
What honour shall I lend thy loyalty
Or praise unto thy sacred deity?

Edw.

Good cheer, Sir David; we shall up anon.

Elinor.

Sweet Prince of Wales, were I within thine arms,
O then should I in peace possess my love,
And heavens open fair their crystal gates,
That I may see the palace of my intent.

Edw.

Lluellen, set thy brother David free:
Let me have him, thou shalt have Elinor.

Lluellen.

Sooth, Edward, I do prize my Elinor
Dearer than life; but there belongeth more
To these affairs than my content in love:
And to be short, if thou wilt have thy man,
Of whom, I swear, thou thinkest over-well,
The safety of Lluellen and his men
Must be regarded highly in this match.
Say, therefore, and be short, wilt thou give peace

And pardon to Lluellen and his men?

Edw.

I will herein have time to be advis'd.

Lluellen.

King Edward, no: we will admit no pause,
For goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot.
And if Lluellen be pursu'd so near,
May chance to show thee such a tumbling-cast,
As erst our father when he thought to scape,
And broke his neck from Julius Cæsar's tower.

Sussex.

My lord, these rebels all are desperate.

Edw.

How, say you, Welshmen, will you leave your arms,
And be true liegemen unto Edward's crown?

First Soldier.

If Edward pardon surely what is past,
Upon conditions we are all content.

Edw.

Belike you will condition with us, then?

First Soldier.

Special conditions for our safety first,
And for our country Cambria's common good,
T' avoid the fusion of our guilty blood.

Edw.

Go to; say on.

First Soldier.

First, for our followers, and ourselves, and all,
We ask a pardon in the prince's word;
Then for this lord's possession in his love;
But for our country chief these boons we beg,
And England's princely promise to thy Wales,
That none be Cambria's prince to govern us
But he that is a Welshman, born in Wales:

Grant this, and swear it on thy knightly sword,
And have thy man and us and all in peace.

Lluellen.

Why, Cambria-Britons, are you so incens'd?
Will you deliver me to Edward's hands?

First Soldier.

No, Lord Lluellen; we will back for thee
Thy life, thy love, and golden liberty.

Edw.

Command retreat be sounded in our camp.—

Soldiers, I grant at full what you request.—
David, good cheer.—Lluellen, open the gates.

Lluellen.

The gates are open'd: enter thee and thine.

Sir David.

The sweetest sun that e'er I saw to shine!

Edw.

Madam, a brabble well begun for thee:
Be thou my guest and Sir Lluellen's love. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*A Road in Wales.*

***Enter* QUEEN ELINOR *and* JOAN *in a litter, the* EARL OF GLOCESTER, *and* Attendants.**

Q. Elinor.

Fie, this hot weather how it makes me sweat!
Heigh-ho, my heart! ah, I am passing faint!
Give me my fan that I may cool my face.
Hold, take my mask, but see you rumple't not.
This wind and dust, see how it smolders me!
Some drink, good Glocester, or I die for thirst.
Ah, Ned, thou hast forgot thy Nell I see,

That she is thus enforc’d to follow thee!

Glocester.

This air’s distemperature, your majesty,
Noisome through mountain vapours and thick mist,
Unpleasant must be to your company
And you, that ne’er were wont to take the air
Till Flora had perfum’d the earth with sweets,
With lilies, roses, mints, and eglantine.

Q. Elinor.

I tell thee, earl, the ground is all too base
For Elinor to honour with her steps;
Whose footpace, when she progress’d in the streets
Of Acon and the fair Jerusalem,
Was upon naught but costly arras-points,
Fair island-tapestry, and azur’d silk;
My milk-white steed treading on cloth of ray,
And trampling proudly underneath the feet
Choice of our English woollen drapery.

Glocester.

This climate lowering with congealéd clouds
That take their swelling from the marish soil,
Fraught with infectious fogs and misty damps,
Is far unworthy to be once embalm’d
With redolence of thy refreshing breath,

That sweetens where it lights, as do the flames
And holy fires of Vesta’s sacrifice.

Joan.

Those pleasant fields, new-planted with the spring,
Make Thamesis to mount above the banks,
And, like a wanton, wallow up and down
On Flora’s beds and Napæ’s silver down.

Glocester.

Ah, Wales for me, madam, while you are here;
No climate good unless your grace be near.
Would Wales had aught could please you half so well,
Or any precious thing in Glocester's gift,
Whereof your ladyship would challenge me!

Joan.

Well said, my lord! 'tis as my mother says;
You men have learnt to woo a thousand ways.

Glocester.

O, madam, had I learnt, against my need,
Of all those ways to woo, one way to speed,
My cunning, then, had been my fortune's guide.

Q. Elinor.

Faith, Joan, I think thou must be Glocester's bride.—
Good earl, how near he steps unto her side!
So soon this eye these younglings had espied.—
I'll tell thee, girl, when I was fair and young,
I found such honey in sweet Edward's tongue,
As I could never spend one idle walk
But Ned and I would piece it out with talk.—
So you, my lord, when you have got your Joan,
No matter, let queen-mother be alone.
Old Nell is mother now, and grandmother may;
The greenest grass doth droop and turn to hay.
Woo on, kind Clare, good Glocester, love thy Joan:
Her heart is thine, her eye is not her own.

Glocester.

This comfort, madam, that your grace doth give
Binds me in double duty whilst I live.
Would God, King Edward see and say no less!

Q. Elinor.

Glocester, I warrant thee upon my life
My king vouchsafes his daughter for thy wife.
Sweet Ned hath not forgot, since he did woo,

The gall of love and all that ‘longs thereto.

Glocester.

Why, was your grace so coy to one so kind?

Q. Elinor.

Kind, say you, Glocester! so, methinks, indeed:
It seems he loves his wife no more than needs,
That sends for us in all this speedy haste,

85

Knowing his queen to be so great with child,
And makes me leave my princely pleasant seats
To come into his ruder part of Wales.

Glocester.

His highness hath some secret reason why
He wisheth you to move from England’s court.
The Welshmen have of long time suitors been,
That when the war of rebels sorts an end,
None might be prince and ruler over them
But such a one as was their countryman;
Which suit, I think, his grace hath granted them.

Q. Elinor.

So, then, it is King Edward’s policy
To have his son—forsooth, son if it be—
A Welshman: well, Welshman it liketh me. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—*Hall in Castle of Berwick.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD, *the* NINE LORDS OF SCOTLAND, *and* Attendants.**

Edw.

Nobles of Scotland, we thank you all
For this day’s gentle princely service done
To Edward, England’s king and Scotland’s lord.
But specially we thank you, gentle lords,

That you so well have governéd your griefs,
As, being grown unto a general jar,
You choose King Edward by your messengers,
To calm, to qualify, and to compound
Th' ambitious strife of Scotland's climbing peers.
I have no doubt, fair lords, but you well wot
How factions waste the richest commonwealth,
And discord spoils the seats of mighty kings.
The barons' war, a tragic wicked war,
Nobles, how hath it shaken England's strength!
Industriously, it seems to me, you have
Loyally ventur'd to prevent this shock
For which, sith you have chosen me your judge,
Lords, will you stand to what I shall award?

Baliol.

Victorious Edward, to whom the Scottish kings
Owe homage as their lord and sovereign,
Amongst us nine is but one lawful king:
But might we all be judges in the case,

Then should in Scotland be nine kings at once,
And this contention never limited.
To stay these jars we jointly make appeal
To thy imperial throne, who knows our claims.
We stand not on our titles 'fore your grace,
But do submit ourselves to your award;
And whom your majesty shall name our king,
To him we'll yield obedience as a king.
Thus willingly, and of her own accord,
Doth Scotland make great England's king her judge.

Edw.

Then, nobles, since you all agree in one,
That for a crown so disagree in all,

Since what I do shall rest irrevocable,
Hold up your hands in sight, with general voice,
That are content to stand to our award.
[*They hold up their hands and say "All, All."*
Deliver me the golden diadem.
Lo, here I hold the goal for which ye striv'd,
And here behold, my worthy men-at-arms,
For chivalry and worthy wisdom's praise,
Worthy each one to wear a diadem:
Expect my doom, as erst at Ida hills
The goddesses divine waited th' award
Of Dardan's son. Baliol, stand farthest forth:
Baliol, behold, I give the Scottish crown
To thee: wear it with hearty thankfulness.
Sound trumpets, sound, and say all after me,
God save King Baliol, the Scottish king!
[*Trumpets*.

All.

God save King Baliol, the Scottish king.

Edw.

Thus, lords, though you require no reason why,
According to the conscience in the cause,
I make John Baliol your anointed king.
Honour and love him, as behoves him best
That is in peace of Scotland's crown possess'd.

Baliol.

Thanks, royal England, for thy honour done.
This justice that hath calm'd our civil strife,
Shall now be sealed with honourable love.
So movéd of remorse and piety,
We will erect a college of my name;
In Oxford will I build, for memory

Of Baliol's bounty and his gratitude;
And let me happy days no longer see
Than here to England loyal I shall be.
[*Exeunt*.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*In Berwick Castle.*

***Enter* BALIOL, *King of Scots, with his Train*.**

Baliol.

Lords of Albania, and my peers in France.
Since Baliol is invested in his rights,
And wears the royal Scottish diadem,
Time is to rouse him, that the world may wot
Scotland disdains to carry England's yoke.
Therefore, my friends, thus put in readiness,
Why slack we time to greet the English king
With resolute message, to let him know our minds?
Lord Versses, though thy faith and oath be ta'en
To follow Baliol's arms for Scotland's right,
Yet is thy heart to England's honour knit:
Therefore, in spite of England and thyself,
Bear thou defiance proudly to thy king;
Tell him, Albania finds heart and hope
To shake off England's tyranny betime,
To rescue Scotland's honour with her sword.—
Lord Bruce, see cast about Lord Versses' neck
A strangling halter, that he mind his haste.—
How say'st thou, Versses, wilt thou do this message?

Versses.

Although no common post, yet, for my king,
I will to England, maugre England's might,

And do mine errand boldly, as becomes;
Albeit I honour English Edward's name,
And hold this slavish contemnment to scorn.

Baliol.

Then hie away, as swift as swallow flies,
And meet me on our roads on England's ground;
Whither think of thy message and thy haste.

First Lord.

By sweet Saint Jerome, Versses will not spare

88

To tell his message to the English king,
And beard the jolly Longshanks to his face,
Were he the greatest monarch in the world.

Baliol.

Princes of Scotland and my loving friends,
Whose necks are overwearied with the yoke
And servile bondage of these Englishmen,
Lift up your horns, and with your brazen hoofs
Spurn at the honour of your enemies.
'Tis not ambitious thoughts of private rule
Have forc'd your king to take on him these arms;
'Tis country's cause; it is the common good
Of us and of our brave posterity.

All.

To arms, to arms! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*In Carnarvon Castle. Q. Elinor seated, with Joan, Glocester, and a nurse with the baby Prince of Wales.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD *and* LANCASTER.**

Edw.

How doth my Nell, mine own, my love, my life,

My heart, my dear, my dove, my queen, my wife?

Q. Elinor.

Ned, art thou come, sweet Ned? welcome, my joy!
Thy Nell presents thee with a lovely boy.
Whom do I see? my Lord of Lancaster!
Welcome most heartily.

Lancaster.

I thank your grace:

Edw.

But tell me now, lappéd in lily bands,
How with my queen, my lovely one it stands.

Q. Elinor.

Sick, mine own Ned, sick for thy company;
That lur'd her with thy lies all so far,
To follow thee unwieldy in thy war.
But I forgive thee, Ned, my life's delight,
So thy young son thou see be bravely dight,
And in Carnarvon christen'd royally.
Sweet love, let him be lapp'd most curiously:
He is thine own, as true as he is mine;
Take order, then, that he be passing fine.

Edw.

My lovely lady, let that care be less:

For my young son the country will I feast,
And have him borne as bravely to the font
As ever yet king's son to christening went.
Lack thou no precious thing to comfort thee,
Dearer than England's diadem unto me.

Q. Elinor.

Gramercies, Ned. Now, well remember'd yet;
I have a suit, but you must not deny it.—
Where is my Lord of Glocester, Clare, my guide?—

Good Ned, let Joan of Acon be his bride;
Assure yourself that they are throughly woo'd.

Glocester.

[Aside.] God send the king be taken in the mood!

Edw.

Then, niece, 'tis like that you shall have husband.—
Come hither, Glocester; hold, give her thy hand;
Take her, sole daughter to the Queen of England.—
[*Gives* JOAN *to* GLOCESTER.
For news he brought, Nell, of my young son,
I promis'd him as much as I have done.

Glocester.

We humbly thank you.

Lancaster.

Joy may them betide,
A gallant bridegroom and a princely bride!

Edw.

Now say, sweet queen, what doth my lady crave?
Tell me what name shall this young Welshman have,
Born Prince of Wales by Cambria's full consent?

Q. Elinor.

Edward the name that doth me well content.

Edw.

Then Edward of Carnarvon shall he be,
And Prince of Wales, christened in royalty.

Enter* SUSSEX *bearing a mantle.

Q. Elinor.

Welcome, my lord. Heigh-ho, what have we there?

Sussex.

The country in all kindness recommend
Their service and good-will unto your son;
In token of their pure good-will, present
A mantle richly lined to keep him warm.

Q. Elinor.

A mantle of frieze! fie! let me hear no more;
My lord! is this the kindness of the country?

Edw.

In good time, madam, lap him as you list!
But, Nell, I would not for ten thousands pounds
The country take unkindness at thy words.

90

Q. Elinor.

No, Ned, but that thy Nell doth want her will,
Her boy should glister like the summer's sun,
In robes as rich as Jove when he triúmphs.
His pap should be of precious nectar made,
His food ambrosia—no woman's milk;
Sweet fires of cinnamon to warm him by;
The Graces on his cradle should attend;
Venus should make his bed and wait on him,
And Phœbus' daughter sing him still asleep.
Thus would I have my boy us'd as divine,
Because he is King Edward's son and mine;
And do you mean to make him up in frieze?

Edw.

Sweet queen, how much I pity thy defects;
This Spanish pride 'grees not with England's prince;
Mild is the mind where honour builds his bower,
And yet is earthly honour but a flower.
Fast to those looks are all my fancies tied,
Pleas'd with thy sweetness, angry with thy pride.

Q. Elinor.

Fie, fie! methinks I am not where I should be;
Or at the least I am not where I would be.

Edw.

What wants my queen to perfect her content?

But ask and have, the king will not repent.

Q. Elinor.

Nothing, sweet Ned; but pray my king to feast
The lords and ladies royally: and thanks
A thousand times, good men and women all,
For duty done and honour to your prince.

***Enter* VERSSES.**

Edw.

What tidings brings Lord Versses to our court?

Versses.

Tidings to make thee tremble, English king.

Edw.

Me tremble, boy! must not be news from Scotland
Can once make English Edward stand aghast.

Versses.

Baliol hath chosen at this time to stir;
To rouse him lion-like, and cast the yoke
That Scots ingloriously have borne from thee
And all the predecessors of thy line;
And makes his roads to re-obtain his right,
And for his homage sends thee all despite.

Lancaster.

Why, how now, princox! prat'st thou to a king?

Versses.

I do my message truly from my king:
This sword and target chide in louder terms.
I bring defiance from King Baliol
To English Edward and his barons all.

Edw.

Marry, methinks so, thou defiest me.

Versses.

Baliol, my king, in Berwick makes his court:
His camp he spreads upon the sandy plain,
And dares thee to the battle in his right.

Lancaster.

What, court and camp in Englishmen's despite?

Edw.

Hold, messenger: commend me to thy king:
Wear thou my chain, and carry this to him.
Greet all his rout of rebels more or less;
Tell them such shameful end will hit them all;
And wend with this as resolutely back
As thou to England brought'st thy Scottish braves.
Disdainfully, tell Baliol from us,
We'll rouse him from his hold, and make him soon
Dislodge his camp and take his walléd town.
Say what I bid thee, Versses, to his teeth,
And earn this favour and a better thing.

Versses.

Yes, King of England, whom my heart beloves;
Think, as I promis'd him to brave thee here,
So shall I bid John Baliol 'base from thee. [*Exit.*

Edw.

Why, now is mighty England's harvest ripe:
Barons, now may you reap the rich renown
That under warlike colours springs in field,
And grows where ensigns wave upon the plains.
False Baliol, Berwick is no hold of proof
To shroud thee from the strength of Edward's arm:
No, Scot; thy treason's fear shall make the breach
For England's pure renown to enter in.

All.

Amain, amain, upon these treacherous Scots!
Amain, say all, upon these treacherous Scots!

Edw.

While we with Edmund, Glocester, and the rest,
With speedy journeys gather up our forces,
And beat these braving Scots from England's bounds,
Mortimer, thou shalt take the rout in task
That revel here and spoil fair Cambria.
My queen, when she is strong and well a-foot,
Shall post to London and repose her there.
Then God shall send us haply all to meet,

92

And joy the honours of our victories.
Baliol, I come,—proud Baliol and ingrate,—
Prepar'd to chase thy men from England's gate. [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Battlefield near Shrewsbury.*

***Enter* MORTIMER, *with Soldiers, pursuing the rebels*.**

Mortimer.

Strike up the drum! follow, pursue, and chase!
Follow, pursue! spare not the proudest head
That havocks England's sacred royalty! [*Exeunt*.

***Enter* LLUELLEN *running*.**

Lluellen.

The angry heavens frown on Britain's face
To eclipse the glory of fair Cambria:
With sore aspects the dreadful planets lower.
Lluellen, basely turn thy back and fly?
No, Welshmen fight it to the last and die;
For if my men safely have got the bride,

Careless of chance I'll reck no sour event.
England's broad womb hath not that arméd band
That can expel Lluellen from his land.

***Enter* SIR DAVID *running*.**

Sir David.

Fly, Lord of Cambria! fly, Prince of Wales!
Sweet brother, fly! the field is won and lost:
Thou art beset with England's furious troops,
And curséd Mortimer, like a lion, leads.
Our men have got the bride, but all in vain:
The Englishmen are come upon our backs.
Either flee or die, for Edward hath the day.
For me, I have my rescue in my hand:
England on me no torments shall inflict.
Farewell, Lluellen, while we meet in heaven. [*Exit*.

***Enter* Soldiers.**

First Soldier.

Follow, pursue!—Lie there, whate'er thou be. [*Slays* LLUELLEN.
Yet soft, my hearts! let us his countenance see.
This is the prince; I know him by his face:
O gracious fortune, that me happy made
To spoil the weed that chokes fair Cambria!
Hale him from hence, and in this bosky wood
Bury his corpse; but for his head, I vow
I will present our governor with the same. [*Exeunt*.

***Enter* MORTIMER *with Soldiers, and* DAVID, *prisoner*.**

Mortimer.

Bind fast the traitor and bring him away,
Come on for those that have submission made,

Their pardons, in the king's name, I pronounce;
So God save King Edward!

All.

God save the King!

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*In Berwick Castle.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD, *with Lords, and* BALIOL *prisoner*.**

Edw.

Now, trothless king, what fruits have braving boasts?
What end hath treason but a sudden fall?
Such as have known thy life and bringing up,
Have prais'd thee for thy learning and thy art:
How comes it, then, that thou forgett'st thy books
That school'd thee to forget ingratitude?
Unkind! this hand hath 'nointed thee a king;
This tongue pronounc'd the sentence of thy ruth:
If thou, in lieu of mine unfeignéd love,
Hast levied arms for to attempt my crown,
Now see the fruits: thy glories are dispers'd;
And heifer-like, sith thou hast pass'd thy bounds,
Thy sturdy neck must stoop to bear this yoke.

Baliol.

I took this lesson, Edward, from my book,—
To keep a just equality of mind,

Content with every fortune as it comes:
So canst thou threat no more than I expect.

Edw.

So, sir; your moderation is enforc'd;
Your goodly glosses cannot make it good.

Baliol.

Then will I keep in silence what I mean,
Since Edward thinks my meaning is not good.

Edw.

Nay, Baliol, speak forth, if there yet remain
A little remnant of persuading art.

Baliol.

If cunning may have power to win the king,
Let those employ it that can flatter him;
If honour'd deed may reconcile the king,
It lies in me to give and him to take.

Edw.

Why, what remains for Baliol now to give?

Baliol.

Allegiance, as becomes a royal king.

Edw.

What league of faith where league is broken once?

Baliol.

The greater hope in them that once have fall'n.

Edw.

But foolish are those monarchs that do yield
A conquer'd realm upon submissive vows.

Baliol.

There, take my crown, and so redeem my life.

Edw.

Ay, sir; that was the choicest plea of both;
For whoso quells the pomp of haughty minds,
And breaks their staff whereon they build their trust,
Is sure in wanting power they cannot harm.
Baliol shall live; but yet within such bounds
That, if his wings grow flig, they may be clipt.

Enter a **Messenger.**

Messenger.

Honour and fortune wait upon the crown

Of princely Edward, England's valiant king!

Edw.

Thanks, messenger; and if my God vouchsafe
That wingéd Honour wait upon my throne,
I'll make her spread her plumes upon their heads
Whose true allegiance doth confirm the crown.
What news in Wales? how wends our business there?

Messenger.

The false disturber of that wasted soil,
With his adherents, is surpris'd, my king;
And in assurance he shall start no more,
Breathless he lies, and headless too, my lord.
The circumstance these lines shall here unfold.
[*Gives letter*.

95

Edw.

A harmful weed, by wisdom rooted out,
Can never hurt the true engrafted plant.
Hie thee back, messenger, to Shrewsbury,
Bid Mortimer, thy master, speed him fast,
And with his fortune welcome us to London.
I long to see my beauteous lovely queen. [*Exeunt*.

KING EDWARD II

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING EDWARD II.
PRINCE EDWARD, *afterwards* EDWARD III.
PIERS GAVESTON, *the King's favourite.*
HUGH SPENCER, *the elder.*

HUGH SPENCER, *his son, the King's second favourite.*
ROBERT BALDOCK, *tutor to* MARGARET.
LEVUNE, *a Frenchman.*
EDMUND, *Earl of Arundel.*
EDMUND OF WOODSTOCK, *Earl of Kent, the King's brother.*

Opposed to the King:
ROGER MORTIMER *of Chirke, Earl of Wiltshire.*
ROGER MORTIMER *of Wigmore, his nephew.*
THOMAS, *Earl of Lancaster.*
HENRY, *Earl of Leicester, his brother.*
GUY DE BEAUCHAMP, *Earl of Warwick.*
AYMER DE VALENCE, Earl of Pembroke.
ROBERT, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
JOHN DE STRATFORD, *Bishop of Winchester.*
WALTER LANGTON, *Bishop of Coventry.*
SIR THOMAS BERKELEY.
SIR WILLIAM TRUSSEL.
SIR JOHN HAINAULT.
SIR THOMAS GURNEY.
THE ABBOT OF NETH.
RICE AP HOWEL.
LIGHTBORN.
SIR JOHN MATREVIS.

ISABELLA, *Queen to* EDWARD II.
MARGARET, *daughter of the late Earl of Gloster, niece to* EDWARD II.

KING EDWARD II

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Westminster. The Palace Garden.*

***Enter* GAVESTON, *reading a letter from the* KING.**

Gav.

My father is deceased! Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.
Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And like Leander, gaspt upon the sand,
So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city, or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear—
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love starlight,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, they are but sparks,
Raked up in embers of their poverty,—
So much for them, I'll fawn first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
But how now, what are these?

***Enter three poor* Men.**

1 Man.

Such as desire
Your worship's service.

Gav.

But what canst thou do?

1 Man.

I can ride.

Gav.

But I have no horse. And thou?

2 Man.

A traveller.

Gav.

Let me see—thou would'st do well
To wait, and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And as I like your díscoursing, I'll have you.
And what art thou?

3 Man.

A soldier, that hath served against the Scot.

Gav.

Why there are hospitals for such as you;
I have no war; and therefore, sir, be gone.

3 Man.

Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That would'st reward them with an hospital.

Gav.

Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose should play the porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. [*Aside.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king;
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

1 Man.

We thank your worship.

Gav.

I have some business.

Go, leave me to myself.

2 Man.

We will wait here
About the court.

[Exeunt.

Gav.

These are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry is his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,

And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,
One like Actæon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart
By yelping hounds pull'd down, and seem to die;—
Such things as these best please his majesty.
Here comes my lord the king from parliament.
I'll stand aside here.

Enter the* KING, LANCASTER, *the* ELDER MORTIMER, YOUNG MORTIMER, KENT, WARWICK, *and others.

Edw.

Lancaster!

Lan.

My lord.

Gav.

That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [*Aside.*

Edw.

Will you not grant me this? In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased.

E. Mor.

If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston!

Gav.

That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death. [*Aside.*

Y. Mor.

Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn to your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm:
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

Edw.

Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston; and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

Lan.

My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you

But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster,
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,

102

Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

Edw.

Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Peircy of the North, being highly moved,
Braved Moubery in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness loved him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
Th' undaunted sprite of Peircy was appeased,
And Moubery and he were reconciled.
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face;
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.

War.

Our heads!

Edw.

Ay! therefore I would wish you grant.—

War.

Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Y. Mor.

I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.
Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

E. Mor.

Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

War.

All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

Lan.

And northward Gaveston hath many friends.
Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*

Edw.

I cannot brook these haughty menaces;
Am I a king, and must be over-ruled?
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

Gav.

I can no longer keep me from my lord.

[*Comes forward.*

Edw.

What, Gaveston! welcome—Kiss not my hand,
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why should'st thou knee? know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!

Not Hylas was more mourn'd of Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exíle.

Gav.

And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

Edw.

I know it. Brother, welcome home my friend.
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster:
I have my wish, in that I 'joy thy sight;

And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

Gav.

My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

Kent.

Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

Edw.

Cease, brother: for I cannot brook these words.
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;
If for these dignities thou be envíed,
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment.
Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard.
Wantest thou gold? go to my treasury.
Wouldst thou be loved and fear'd? receive my seal;
Save or condemn, and in our name command
Whatso thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

Gav.

It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the **BISHOP OF COVENTRY.**

Edw.

Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?

Bish.

To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

Edw.

Ay, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exíle.

Gav.

’Tis true; and but for reverence of these robes,
Thou should’st not plod one foot beyond this place.

104

Bish.

I did no more than I was bound to do;
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim’d,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

Gav.

Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

Edw.

Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel christen him anew.

Kent.

Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For he’ll complain unto the see of Rome.

Gav.

Let him complain unto the see of hell,
I’ll be revenged on him for my exíle.

Edw.

No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:
Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:
I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt.

Gav.

He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

Edw.

Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

Bish.

For this offence, be thou accurst of God!

Edw.

Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.

Bish.

True, true. [*Exit* BISHOP *with guard.*]

Edw.

But in the meantime, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

Gav.

What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may beseem his holiness. [*Exeunt.*]

***Enter both the* MORTIMERS, WARWICK, *and* LANCASTER.**

War.

It is true the bishop is sent the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

Lan.

What! will they tyrannise upon the Church?
Ah, wicked king! accurséd Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.

Y. Mor.

Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

E. Mor.

How now, why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

Y. Mor.

Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?

Lan.

That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

E. Mor.

An earl!

War.

Ay, and Lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

E. Mor.

We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

Y. Mor.

Why post we not from hence to levy men?

Lan.

"My Lord of Cornwall," now at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.

War.

Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

E. Mor.

Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

Lan.

All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

Y. Mor.

Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'ld hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up;
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

Enter the **ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY** ***and a*** **Messenger.**

War.

Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

Lan.

His countenance bewrays he is displeased.

Archbish.

First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next
Himself imprison'd, and his goods asseized:
This certify the pope;—away, take horse. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Lan.

My lord, will you take arms against the king?

Archbish.

What need I? God Himself is up in arms,
When violence is off'red to the Church.

Y. Mor.

Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?

Archbish.

What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;—
The bishopric of Coventry is his.

***Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA.**

Y. Mor.

Whither walks your majesty so fast?

Queen.

Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now, my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheek, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears:
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whi'er thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

E. Mor.

Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitcht?

Y. Mor.

Madam, return unto the court again:

That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exíle,
Or lose our lives; and yet ere that day come
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be revenged at full.

Archbish.

But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lan.

No; but we will lift Gaveston from hence.

War.

And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

Queen.

Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
Shall be opprest with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.

Archbish.

My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:—
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

Lan.

What we confirm the king will frustrate.

Y. Mor.

Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

Archbish.

And, in the meantime, I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lan.

Come then, let us away.

Y. Mor.

Madam, farewell!

Queen.

Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. Mor.

Ay, ay, if words will serve, if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

***Enter* GAVESTON *and the* KING.**

Gav.

Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,

107

And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone toward Lambeth.

Edw.

There let them remain.

[*They sit.* *Enter Maskers who play.*]

SCENE III.—The Parliament at Westminster.

***Enter the* MORTIMERS, WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, *and the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.**

Lan.

Here is the form of Gaveston's exile:
May't please your lordship to subscribe your name.

Archbish.

Give me the paper.

[*He subscribes, as the others do after him.*

Lan.

Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.

War.

But I long more to see him banisht hence.

Y. Mor.

The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declined from that base peasant.

***Enter the* KING, GAVESTON, *and* KENT.**

Edw.
What, are you moved that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure, we will have it so.
Lan.
Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.
E. Mor.
What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
See what a scornful look the peasant casts!
Pem.
Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?
War.
Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.
Y. Mor.
Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be faced and over-peer'd.
Edw.
Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!
E. Mor.
Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!
Kent.
Is this the duty that you owe your king?
War.
We know our duties let him know his peers.
Edw.
Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.
E. Mor.
We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.
Gav.

No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!
Were I a king—

108

Y. Mor.

Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

Edw.

Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

Lan.

My lord, you may not thus disparage us.
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.

E. Mor.

And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.

[*Attendants remove* KENT *and* GAVESTON.

Edw.

Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king,
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne:
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown:
Was ever king thus over-ruled as I?

Lan.

Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

Y. Mor.

What we have done, our heart-blood shall maintain.

War.

Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

Edw.

Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

Archbish.

Why are you moved? be patient, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.

[*Presents paper.*]

Y. Mor.

My lords, now let us all be resolute,

And either have our wills or lose our lives.

Edw.

Meet you for this? proud over-daring peers!
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

Archbish.

You know that I am legate to the pope;
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exíle.

Y. Mor.

Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him and elect another king.

Edw.

Ay, there it goes—but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

Lan.

Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

Archbish.

Remember how the bishop was abused!
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

Edw.

It boots me not to threat—I must speak fair:
[*Aside.*
The legate of the pope will be obey'd.

My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of the fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,

Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

Archbish.

Nothing shall alter us—we are resolved.

Y. Mor.

Why should you love him whom the world hates so?—

Edw.

Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You that be noble born should pity him.

War.

You that are princely born should shake him off;
For shame, subscribe, and let the lown depart.

Lan.

Come, come, my lord, subscribe.

E. Mor.

Urge him, my lord.

Archbish.

Are you content to banish him the realm?

Edw.

I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears. [*Subscribes.*

Y. Mor.

The king is love-sick for his minion.

Edw.

'Tis done and now, accursed hand! fall off!

Lan.

Give it me I'll have it publisht in the streets.

Y. Mor.

I'll see him presently despatcht away.

Archbish.

Now is my heart at ease.

War.

And so is mine.

Pem.

This will be good news to the common sort.

E. Mor.

Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*]

Edw.

How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,
I'll fire thy crazéd buildings, and enforce
The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!
With slaught'red priests make Tiber's channel swell,
And banks rise higher with their sepulchres!
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

110

Enter GAVESTON.

Gav.

My lord, I hear it whisp'red everywhere,
That I am banisht, and must fly the land.

Edw.

'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—Oh! were it false!
The legate of the pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be deposed.
But I will reign to be revenged of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,
I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.

Gav.

Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

Edw.

Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words
Thou from this land, I from myself am banisht.

Gav.

To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains;
For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

Edw.

And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me wear thine;
[*They exchange pictures.*
O, might I keep thee here as I do this.
Happy were I! but now most miserable!

Gav.

'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

Edw.

Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

Gav.

I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

Edw.

Kind words, and mutual talk makes our grief greater:
Therefore with dumb embracement, let us part—
Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

Gav.

For every look, my lord, drops down a tear:
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow!

Edw.

The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill;

But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

Gav.

The peers will frown.

Edw.

I pass not for their anger—Come, let's go;
O that we might as well return as go.

111

Enter **QUEEN ISABELLA**.

Queen.

Whither goes my lord?

Edw.

Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone.

Queen.

On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

Gav.

On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.

Queen.

In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston;
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

Gav.

I mean not so: your grace must pardon me.

Edw.

Th' art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exíled;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.

Queen.

Your highness knows it lies not in my power.

Edw.

Away then! touch me not—Come, Gaveston.

Queen.

Villain! ‘tis thou that robb’st me of my lord.

Gav.

Madam, ‘tis you that rob me of my lord.

Edw.

Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.

Queen.

Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

Edw.

And witness heaven how dear thou art to me!
There weep: for till my Gaveston be repeal’d,
Assure thyself thou com’st not in my sight.

[*Exeunt* EDWARD *and* GAVESTON.

Queen.

O miserable and distresséd queen!
Would, when I left sweet France and was embarkt,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had changed my shape, or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twined about my neck
I had been stifled, and not lived to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs, and cries;
For never doted Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on curséd Gaveston:

But that will more exasperate his wrath:
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,

And be a means to call home Gaveston:
And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston:
And so am I for ever miserable.

***Enter* LANCASTER, *the* MORTIMERS, WARWICK, *and* PEMBROKE.**

Lan.
Look where the sister of the King of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!
War.
The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.
Pem.
Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.
Y. Mor.
I know 'tis long of Gaveston she weeps.
E. Mor.
Why, he is gone.
Y. Mor.
Madam, how fares your grace?
Queen.
Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.
Y. Mor.
Cry quittance, madam, then; and love not him.
Queen.
No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.
Lan.
Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.
Queen.
Oh never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd
To sue upon you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,

Or else be banisht from his highness' presence.

Lan.

For his repeal, madáme! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreckt body.

War.

And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here but would run his horse to death.

Y. Mor.

But, madam, would you have us call him home?

Queen.

Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restored,
The angry king hath banisht me the court;
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tend'rest me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

Y. Mor.

What! would you have me plead for Gaveston?

E. Mor.

Plead for him that will, I am resolved.

Lan.

And so am I; my lord, dissuade the queen.

Queen.

O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.

War.

Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

Queen.

'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

Pem.

No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.

Y. Mor.

Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish,
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,

That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.

Queen.

Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

Y. Mor.

It is impossible; but speak your mind.

Queen.

Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.

[*Talks to* Y. MOR. *apart.*]

Lan.

My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

E. Mor.

Not I, against my nephew.

Pem.

Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.

War.

No, do but mark how earnestly she pleads.

Lan.

And see how coldly his looks make denial.

War.

She smiles, now for my life his mind is changed.

Lan.

I'll rather lose his friendship I, than grant.

Y. Mor.

Well, of necessity it must be so.
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston
I hope your honours make no question,
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

Lan.

Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?

And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

Y. Mor.

My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.

Lan.

In no respect can contraries be true.

Queen.

Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege.

War.

All that he speaks is nothing, we're resolved.

Y. Mor.

Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

Pem.

I would he were.

Y. Mor.

Then give me leave to speak.

E. Mor.

But, nephew, do not play the sophister.

Y. Mor.

This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the king, and do our country good.

Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whéreas he shall live and be beloved,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

War.

Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

Y. Mor.

But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd
To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,

But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the Chronicle enrol his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague?

Pem.

He sayeth true.

Lan.

Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

Y. Mor.

Because, my lords, it was not thought upon;
Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
And fear t' offend the meanest nobleman.

E. Mor.

But how if he do not, nephew?

Y. Mor.

Then may we with some colour rise in arms.
For howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king;
So we shall have the people of our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushrump,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility.
And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

Lan.

On that condition, Lancaster will grant.

War.

And so will Pembroke and I too.

E. Mor.

And I.

Y. Mor.

In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

Queen.

And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.

115

But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new return'd; this news will glad him much;
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Then he can Gaveston; would he loved me
But half so much, then were I treble-blest!

Enter **KING EDWARD,** ***mourning*****.**

Edw.

He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart,
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston!
And could my crown's revénue bring him back,
I'ld freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.

Queen.

Hark! how he harps upon his minion.

Edw.

My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forced to leave my Gaveston!

Lan.

Diavolo! what passions call you these?

Queen.

My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

Edw.

That you have parléd with your Mortimer?

Queen.

That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.

Edw.

Repeal'd! the news is too sweet to be true.

Queen.

But will you love me, if you find it so?

Edw.

If it be so, what will not Edward do?

Queen.

For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

Edw.

For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

Queen.

No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury!
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

Edw.

Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

Queen.

And may it prove more happy than the first!

My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.

Edw.

Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king;
And, as gross vapours perish by the sun,
E'en so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companion.

Lan.

This salutation overjoys my heart.

Edw.

Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

War.

Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

Edw.

In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

Pem.

And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.

Edw.

But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.

Y. Mor.

My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

Edw.

And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserve no common place, nor mean reward;
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

E. Mor.

In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.

Queen.

Now is the King of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowned peers.

Edw.

Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth
For Gaveston to Ireland: Beaumont, fly,
As fast as Iris, or Jove's Mercury.

Bea.

It shall be done, my gracious lord. [*Exit.*

Edw.

Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemnised.

117

For wot you not that I have made him sure
Unto our cousin, the Earl of Gloster's heir?

Lan.

Such news we hear, my lord.

Edw.

That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.

War.

In this, or aught your highness shall command us.

Edw.

Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel.

[*Exeunt all except the* MORTIMERS.

E. Mor.

Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stay'st here.

Leave now t' oppose thyself against the king.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander loved Hephestion;
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droopt.
And not kings only, but the wisest men:
The Roman Tully loved Octavius;
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Y. Mor.

Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he

From out a window laugh at such as we,

And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, ‘tis this that makes me impatient.

E. Mor.

But, nephew, now you see the king is changed.

Y. Mor.

Then so am I, and live to do him service:
But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstárt.
You know my mind; come, uncle, let’s away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Hall in Gloster’s Mansion.*

***Enter* YOUNG SPENCER *and* BALDOCK.**

Bald.

Seeing that our lord the Earl of Gloster’s dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

Y. Spen.

Not Mortimer, nor any of his side;
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king,
May with one word advance us while we live:
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune Spencer’s hope depends.

Bald.

What, mean you then to be his follower?

Y. Spen.

No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once prefer’d me to the king.

Bald.

But he is banisht; there's small hope of him.

Y. Spen.

Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
And as she read she smiled, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

Bald.

'Tis like enough; for since he was exiled
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.

But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had changed her mind.

Y. Spen.

Our lady's first love is not wavering;
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.

Bald.

Then hope I by her means to be prefer'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child.

Y. Spen.

Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet caped cloak, faced before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs to a nobleman,
Or looking downward with your eyelids close,
And saying, "Truly, an't may please your honour,"

Can get you any favour with great men:
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

Bald.

Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord whiles he lived was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentiöus enough,
And apt for any kind of villainy.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

Y. Spen.

But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem*,
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

Bald.

Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

Enter* MARGARET, *the* KING's *niece.

Marg.

The grief for his exíle was not so much
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston:
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me:
I will not long be from thee, though I die. [*Reads.*

120

This argues the entire love of my lord;
When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart: [*Reads*
But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.
Now to the letter of my lord the king.—

He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston: why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?
Who's there? Baldock? See that my coach be ready,
I must go hence.

Bald.

It shall be done, madam. [*Exit*

Marg.

And meet me at the park-pale presently.
Spencer, stay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.

Spen.

I knew the king would have him home again.

Marg.

If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.

Spen.

I humbly thank your ladyship.

Marg.

Come, lead the way; I long till I am there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*In Tynemouth Castle.*

Enter* EDWARD, *the* QUEEN, LANCASTER, YOUNG MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, *and Attendants.

Edw.

The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;
I fear me he is wrackt upon the sea.

Queen.

Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his miniön!

Lan.

My lord.

Edw.

What news? is Gaveston arrived?

Y. Mor.

Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You've matters of more weight to think upon;
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

Edw.

A trifle! we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Y. Mor.

A homely one, my lord; not worth the telling.

Edw.

Pray thee let me know it.

Y. Mor.

But, seeing you're so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets into the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Æque tandem. Justly at length.*

Edw.

And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?

Lan.

My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports there is a flying fish,
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors est.*

Kent.

Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds!
What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?

Queen.

Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.

Edw.

They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses that will pull you down;
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threat'nest death whether he rise or fall,
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him,

Y. Mor.

If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do whenas he shall be present?

Lan.

That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

***Enter* GAVESTON.**

Edw.

My Gaveston.
Welcome to Tynemouth! welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop and pine away;

For, as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was lockt up in a brazen tower,
Desired her more, and waxt outrageous,
So did it fare with me and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gav.

Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine,
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage
Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.

Edw.

Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

Lan.

Salute him? yes; welcome, Lord Chamberlain!

Y. Mor.

Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!

War.

Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!

Pem.

Welcome, Secretary!

Kent.

Brother, hear them!

Edw.

Still will these earls and barons use me thus.

Gav.

My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

Queen.

Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to jar!
[*Aside.*

Edw.

Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

Gav.

Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,

Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.

Lan.

Yet I disdain not to do this for you. [*Draws.*

Edw.

Treason! treason! where's the traitor?

Pem.

Here! here!
[*Pointing to* GAVESTON.

Edw.

Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.

Gav.

The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

Y. Mor.

Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim.
[*Offers to stab him.*

Queen.

Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

Y. Mor.

No more than I would answer, were he slain.
[*Exit* GAVESTON*, with Attendants.*

Edw.

Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live;
Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed.
Out of my presence! come not near the court.

Y. Mor.

I'll not be bar'd the court for Gaveston.

Lan.

We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

Edw.

Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.

War.

Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

Kent.

Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

Edw.

Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus;
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.

[*Exeunt the* KING, QUEEN, *and* KENT.

War.

Let's to our castles, for the king is moved.

Y. Mor.

Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath!

Lan.

Cousin, it is no dealing with him now,
He means to make us stoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.

Y. Mor.

By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!

War.

I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

Pem.

The like oath Pembroke takes.

Lan.

And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king;
And make the people swear to put him down.

***Enter* Messenger.**

Y. Mor.

Letters! from whence?

Mess.

From Scotland, my lord.

[*Giving letters to* MORTIMER.

Lan.

Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?

Y. Mor.

My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lan.

We'll have him ransom'd, man; be of good cheer.

Y. Mor.

They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.
Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.

Lan.

I'll bear thee company.

War.

Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.

Y. Mor.

About it then, and we will follow you.

Lan.

Be resolute and full of secrecy.

War.

I warrant you. [*Exit with* PEMBROKE.

Y. Mor.

If he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.

Lan.

Content, I'll bear my part.—Holloa! who's there?

***Enter* Guard.**

Y. Mor.
Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.
Lan.
Lead on the way.
Guard.
Whither will your lordships?
Y. Mor.
Whither but to the king.
Guard.
His highness is disposed to be alone.
Lan.
Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.
Guard.
You may not in, lords.
Y. Mor.
May we not?

Enter EDWARD *and* KENT.

Edw.
How now!
What noise is this? Who have we there, is't you? [*Going.*
Y. Mor.
Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news;
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
Edw.
Then ransom him.
Lan.
But it was in your wars;
And you should ransom him.
Y. Mor.
You shall, or else—
Kent.
What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?
Edw.

Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.

Lan.

Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

Y. Mor.

My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
Would levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

Edw.

Shall I still be haunted thus?

Y. Mor.

Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.

Lan.

And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.

Y. Mor.

The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasure dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretchéd, break.

125

Lan.

Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyl with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted drive away rich spoils.

Y. Mor.

The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrig'd.

Lan.

What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

Y. Mor.

Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?

Lan.

Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Y. Mor.

Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love:
Libels are cast again thee in the street:
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

Lan.

The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. Mor.

When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once and then thy soldiers marcht like players,
With garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.

Lan.

And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig;

Maids of England, sore may you mourn,
For your lemans you've lost at Bannocksbourn
With a heave and a ho.
What weeneth the King of England,
So soon to have won Scotland,
With a rombelow?

Y. Mor.

Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.

Lan.

And when ‘tis gone, our swords shall purchase more,
If ye be moved, revenge it as you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.
[*Exeunt Nobles.*

126

Edw.

My swelling heart for very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be revenged, for their power is great!
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives’ blood slake thy fury’s hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

Kent.

My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

Edw.

Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

Kent.

Ay, and it grieves me that I favour’d him.

Edw.

Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer.

Kent.

So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

Edw.

Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!

Kent.

No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus, [*Exit.*

Edw.

Poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me!
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here,
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round?
Here comes she that is cause of all these jars.

***Enter the* QUEEN, MARGARET, *two Ladies,* GAVESTON, BALDOCK, *and* YOUNG SPENCER.**

Queen.
My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.
Edw.
Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour them.
Queen.
Thus do you still suspect me without cause?
Marg.
Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.
Gav.
My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.
Edw.
Pardon me, sweet, I had forgot myself.
Queen.
Your pardon's quickly got of Isabel.
Edw.
The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.
Gav.
Why do you not commit him to the Tower?
Edw.
I dare not, for the people love him well.
Gav.
Why then we'll have him privily made away.
Edw.
Would Lancaster and he had both caroused

A bowl of poison to each other's health!
But let them go, and tell me what are these.

Marg.

Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd,—
May't please your grace to entertain them now.

Edw.

Tell me, where wast thou born? What is thine arms?

Bald.

My lord, my name is Baldock, and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.

Edw.

The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

Bald.

I humbly thank your majesty.

Edw.

And this?
Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

Gav.

I do, my lord;
His name is Spencer, he is well allied;
For my sake, let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

Edw.

Then, Spencer, wait upon me, for his sake
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

Y. Spen.

No greater titles happen unto me,
Than to be favour'd of your majesty.

Edw.

Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast.
And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the Earl of Gloster late deceased.

Gav.

I know, my lord, many will stomach me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate.

Edw.

The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favour shall be great.
Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their 'complices! [*Exeunt.*

Enter* Musicians, *who sing.

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
An if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love. [*Exeunt.*

[*Night comes on. Music heard within.*

Enter* LANCASTER, YOUNG MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, *and Soldiers.

Kent.
My lords, of love to this our native land
I come to join with you and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lan.
I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a show of love.

War.
He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

Kent.
Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.

Y. Mor.
Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pem.
But what's the reason you should leave him now?

Kent.
I have inform'd the Earl of Lancaster.

Lan.
And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston here frolics with the king.
Let us suddenly surprise them unawares,

Y. Mor.

I'll give the onset.

War.

And I'll follow thee.

Y. Mor.

Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!

Lan.

None be so hardy as to touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends. [*Exeunt.*

[*Shouts, and noise of fighting within.*

***Enter, running, the* KING *and* SPENCER.**

Edw.

O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston?

Spen.

I fear me, he is slain, my gracious lord.

Edw.

No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill.

***Enter* QUEEN, *and* GAVESTON.**

Spen.

Fly, fly, my lord, the earls have got the hold,

Edw.

Take shipping and away to Scarborough,
Spencer and I will post away by land.

Gav.

O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.

Edw.

I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!

Gav.

Farewell, my lord.

Edw.

Farewell, sweet Gaveston,

Queen.

No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?

Edw.

Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.

[*Exeunt all but* ISABEL.

Queen.

Heaven can witness I love none but you:
From my embracements thus he breaks away.
O that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part.

***Enter* LANCASTER, WARWICK, *and* YOUNG MORTIMER.**

Lan.

I wonder how he scaped!

Y. Mor.

Who's this, the queen?

Queen.

Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted.
And body with continual mourning wasted:

130

These hands are tired with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

Y. Mor.

Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?

Queen.

What would you with the king? is't him you seek?

Lan.

No, madam, but that curséd Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,
To offer violence to his sovereign,
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

Queen.

He's gone by water unto Scarborough;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

War.

Foreslow no time, sweet Lancaster, let's march.

Y. Mor.

How comes it that the king and he is parted?

Queen.

That this your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress; therefore be gone.

Y. Mor.

Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

Lan.

The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.

Y. Mor.

Madam, stay you within this castle here.

Queen.

No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.

Y. Mor.

Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

Queen.

You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear I have but talkt with you,

Mine honour will be called in question;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

Y. Mor.

Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves. [*Exeunt Barons.*

Queen.

So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fixt on none but Gaveston:
Yet once more I'll impórtune him with prayer,
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,

131

How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blesséd day be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Forest.*

Enter* GAVESTON, *pursued.

Gav.

Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands,
Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits;
And though divorcéd from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurprised,
Breathing, in hope (malgrado all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter* WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, YOUNG MORTIMER, *and Soldiers.

War.

Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.

Y. Mor.

Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here should'st thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

Lan.

Monster of men!
That, like the Greekish strumpet, train'd to arms
And bloody wars so many valiant knights;
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

War.

Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?
Go, soldiers, take him hence, for by my sword
His head shall off: Gaveston, short warning
Shall serve thy turn. It is our country's cause,
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person: hang him at a bough.

Gav.

My lords,—my lords,—

War.

Soldiers, have him away;
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands,—

Gav.

I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive,
That heading's one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter **ARUNDEL.**

Lan.

How now, my lord of Arundel?

Arun.

My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

War.

Arúndel, say your message.

Arun.

His majesty,
Hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies; for why, he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

War.

How now?

Gav.

Renowned Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!

War.

No, it needeth not;
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters; he must pardon us
In this. Away with him!

Gav.

My lord of Warwick
Why will not these delays beget my hopes?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant King Edward this.

Y. Mor.

Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant? Soldiers, away with him:

Arundel, thus we will gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee; let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

Lan.

Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him, than he hath ever earn'd.

Arun.

My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And in the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.

War.

When, can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents

For Gaveston, will, if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.

Arun.

Then if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

Y. Mor.

'Tis honourable in thee to offer this;
We know thou art a noble gentleman,
But we will not, Arúndel, wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a thief.

Gav.

How mean'st thou, Mortimer? this is over-base.

Y. Mor.

Away, base groom, robber of king's renown,
Question with thy companions and mates.

Pem.

Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,

To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you, my lord of Arúndel
Will join with me.

War.

Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on "had I wist," and let him go?

Pem.

My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,
But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath, I will return him back.

Arun.

My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

Lan.

Why I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

Pem.

And you, Lord Mortimer?

Y. Mor.

How say you, Warwick?

War.

Nay, do your pleasures, I know how 'twill prove.

Pem.

Then give him me.

Gav.

Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.

War.

Yet not perhaps,

If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside.*

Y. Mor.

My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you;
Return him on your honour. Sound, away.

[*Exeunt all but* PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL,
GAVESTON, *and four Soldiers.*

134

Pem.

My lord of Arúndel, you shall go with me.
My house is not far hence out of the way
A little, but our men shall go along,
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to baulk their lips.

Arun.

'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.

Pem.

My lord.
Come hither, James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge; be gone.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* ARUNDEL.

Gav.

Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now?

James.

My lord, we now shall quickly be at Cobham.

***Enter* WARWICK *and Soldiers, who seize* GAVESTON.**

Gav.

O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.

James.

I see it is your life these arms pursue.

Gav.

Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
Oh! must this day, centre of all my bliss,
Be period of my life? An ye be men,
Speed to the king.

War.

My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no longer—I will have that Gaveston.

James.

Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

War.

No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.
Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away,
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watcht it well.
Come, let thy shadow parley with King Edward.

Gav.

Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king?

War.

The King of heaven perhaps, no other king?
Away! [*Exeunt WARWICK and his Men with GAVESTON.*

James.

Come, fellows, it booted not for us to strive,
We will in haste go certify our lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*In York Castle.*

***Enter* KING EDWARD, YOUNG SPENCER, *and* BALDOCK.**

Edw.

I long to hear an answer from the barons,

Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah! Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is markt to die!
I know the malice of young Mortimer,
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again!
The barons overbear me with their pride.

Y. Spen.

Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrol'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech,
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuft of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles!
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

Edw.

Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and pole their tops.

Bald.

This haught resolve becomes your majesty
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
And must be awed and govern'd like a child.

Enter* HUGH SPENCER, *father to the* YOUNG SPENCER, *and Soldiers.

O. Spen.

Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward—
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

136

Edw.

Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou art.

O. Spen.

Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills and targetiers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favour done, in him, unto us all.

Edw.

Thy father, Spencer?

Y. Spen.

True, an it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

Edw.

Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,

Thou shalt have crowns of us to outbid the barons;
And, Spencer, spare them not, but lay it on.
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!

***Enter the* QUEEN *and her* SON, *and* LEVUNE.**

Y. Spen.
My lord, here comes the queen.
Edw.
Madam, what news?
Queen.
News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words
That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seizéd Normandy into his hands.
These be the letters, this the messenger.
Edw.
Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee more? Madam, in this,

We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the King of France.
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.
Prince.
Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

Queen.

Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not markt to many days on earth.

Edw.

Madam, we will that you with speed be shipt,
And this our son; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence.
Chuse of our lords to bear you company;
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

Queen.

Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king;
God end them once. My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France. [*Exit with* PRINCE.

***Enter* ARUNDEL.**

Edw.

What, Lord Arúndel, dost thou come alone?

Arun.

Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

Edw.

Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

Arun.

Neither, my lord; for as he was surprised,
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all;
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

Edw.

And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Y. Spen.

Proud recreants!

Edw.

Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

Arun.

I found them at the first inexorable;
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Lancaster and Pembroke
Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,

138

The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;
”My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return’d,
I will this undertake to have him hence,
And see him re-deliv’red to your hands.”

Edw.

Well, and how fortunes that he came not then?

Y. Spen.

Some treason, or some villainy was the cause.

Arun.

The Earl of Warwick seized him on his way;
For being deliv’red unto Pembroke’s men,
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe;
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death; and in a trench
Strake off his head, and marcht unto the camp.

Y. Spen.

A bloody part, flatly ‘gainst law of arms.

[*Exit ARUNDEL.*

Edw.

O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die?

Y. Spen.

My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these barons; hearten up your men;

Let them not unrevenged murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

Edw.

By earth, the common mother of us all!
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!
By this right hand! and by my father's sword!
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!
I will have heads and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood.
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accurséd traitorous progeny,
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston!
And in his place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here:
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloster, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

139

Y. Spen.

My lord, here is a messenger from the barons
Desires accéss unto your majesty.

Edw.

Admit him near.

***Enter* Herald.**

Her.

Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord!

Edw.

So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither.
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his 'complices,
A ranker rout of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.

Her.

The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as 'plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood,
You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrefying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem,
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they; and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.

Y. Spen.

Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?

Edw.

Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce [*Embraces SPENCER.*
Spencer from me.—Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chástise them
For murdering Gaveston; hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels.

My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, e'en now, we march to make them stoop.
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,

140

And do confront and countermand their king.
Upon them, lords! Alarum!—to the fight!

All.

St. George for England, and King Edward's right.

[*Alarums. Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp.*

Enter* EDWARD *and his Followers, with the* BARONS *and* KENT, *captives.

Edw.

Now, lusty lords, now, not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
But we'll advance them, traitors; now 'tis time
To be avenged on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
'Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.

Kent.

Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer, from thy throne.

Edw.

So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our presence!
[*Exit KENT.*
Accursed wretch, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watcht the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and 'headed him 'gainst law of arms;
For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.

War.

Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces,
It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

Lan.

The worst is death, and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.

Edw.

Away with them, my lord of Winchester!

141

These lusty leaders, Lancaster and Warwick,
I charge you roundly—off with their heads; away!

War.

Farewell, vain world!

Lan.

Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

Y. Mor.

England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maim'd!

Edw.

Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,
There see him safe bestow'd; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.

Y. Mor.

What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls

Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be,
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.
[*The captive Barons are led off.*

Edw.

Sound drums and trumpets! March with me, my friends,
Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.
[*Exeunt, all except* YOUNG SPENCER,
LEVUNE, *and* BALDOCK.

Y. Spen.

Levune, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of King Edward's land.
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suff'red Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.

Levune.

That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long level'd at.

Bald.

Yea, but, Levune, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

Levune.

Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Y. Spen.

Then make for France, amain—Levune, away!

Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Near the Tower. Night.*

***Enter* KENT.**

Kent.

Fair blows the wind for France; blow, gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arrived for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.
A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongéd queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape; stand gracious, gloomy night,
To his device.

Enter* YOUNG MORTIMER, *disguised.

Y. Mor.

Holloa! who walketh there?
Is't you, my lord?

Kent.

Ay, Mortimer, 'tis I;
But hath thy potion wrought so happily?

Y. Mor.

It hath, my lord; the warders, all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

Kent.

Fear't not. Here lies the ship.

Y. Mor.

Let us away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Paris. Queen Isabella's Palace.*

***Enter the* QUEEN *and her* SON.**

Queen.

Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in France;
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?

Prince.

Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.

143

I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
'A loves me better than a thousand Spencers.

Queen.

Ah, boy, thou art deceived, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tuned together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, oh! whither dost thou bend thy steps?

***Enter* SIR JOHN OF HENAULT.**

Sir J.

Madam, what cheer?

Queen.

Ah, good Sir John of Henault,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distrest.

Sir J.

I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness;
But droop not, madam, noble minds contemn
Despair. Will your grace with me to Henault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?
How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally?

Prince.

So please the queen, my mother, me it likes:
The King of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head!

Sir J.

Well said, my lord.

Queen.

Oh, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!
Ah, sweet Sir John! e'en to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais,
Will we with thee to Henault so we will:—
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.
But who are these?

Enter **KENT** ***and*** **YOUNG MORTIMER.**

Kent.

Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!

Queen.

Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.

Y. Mor.

Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserved for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.

Prince.

How mean you? And the king, my father, lives!
No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

Queen.

Not, son; why not? I would it were no worse.
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

Y. Mor.

Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news;
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath show'd himself: but, madam, right makes room
Where weapons want: and, though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our part and faction;
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed for our foes.

Kent.

Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness.

Y. Mor.

But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserved;
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.

Sir J.

My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distresséd queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Henault; doubt ye not,

We will find comfort, money, men and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.
How say, young prince, what think you of the match?

Prince.

I think King Edward will outrun us all.

Queen.

Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.

Kent.

Sir John of Henault, pardon us, I pray;
These comforts that you give our woful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.

Queen.

Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John.

Y. Mor.

This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.
Sir John of Henault, be it thy renown,

145

That England's queen, and nobles in distress,
Have been by thee restored and comforted.

Sir J.

Madam, along, and you, my lord, with me,
That England's peers may Henault's welcome see. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the* KING, ARUNDEL, Y. SPENCER, *with others.

Edw.

Thus after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends;
And Edward, with his friends, sits uncontrol'd.

Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloster, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well,
As Isabel gets no more aid from thence.
What now remains; have you proclaim'd, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Y. Spen.

My lord, we have; and if he be in England,
'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not.

Edw.

If, dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death,
He is in England's ground; our portmaisters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

How now, what news with thee? from whence come these?

Mes.

Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France,
To you, my lord of Gloster, from Levune.

Edw.

Read.

SPENCER *reads the letter.*

"*I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France his lords, and effected, that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone. Whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Henault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders: with them are gone Lord Edmund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them.*"

Edw.

Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escaped?

With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will Sir John of Henault lead the round?
Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son;
England shall welcome you and all your rout.
Gallop, apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,
And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desiréd day,
When we may meet these traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills.
Come, friends, to Bristow, there to make us strong;
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Battlefield near Bristol.*

Alarums. Retreat.

***Enter the* KING, BALDOCK, *and* YOUNG SPENCER.**

Y. Spen.
Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is over-strong;
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

Edw.
What, was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, let us re'nforce our troops:
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

Bald.
O no, my lord, this princely resolution

Fits not the time; away, we are pursued. [*Exeunt.*

***Enter* KENT.**

Kent.

This way he fled, but I am come too late.
Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?

147

Kent.

Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my curséd head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
O fly him then! but, Edmund, calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away; Bristow to Longshanks' blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

***Enter the* QUEEN, Y. MORTIMER, *the* YOUNG PRINCE, *and* SIR JOHN OF HENAULT.**

Queen.

Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear His wrath.
Since then successfully we have prevail'd
Thankt be the heaven's great Architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,

We here create our well-belovéd son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fates
Have made his father so infortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

Kent.

Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

Prince.

Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

Kent.

Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

Y. Mor.

My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposéd of.
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes. [*Aside to the* QUEEN.

Queen.

My lord, the mayor of Bristow knows our mind.

Y. Mor.

Yea, madam, and they scape not easily
That fled the field.

148

Queen.

Baldock is with the king.
A goodly chancellor is he not, my lord?

Sir J.

So are the Spencers, the father and the son.

Kent.

This, Edward, is the ruin of the realm.
[*To the* PRINCE.

Enter* RICE AP HOWELL *and the Mayor of Bristow, with* OLD SPENCER *prisoner.

Rice.

God save Queen Isabel, and her princely son!
Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristow,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revel'd in England's wealth and treasury.

Queen.

We thank you all.

Y. Mor.

Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and th' other Spencer fled?

Rice.

Spencer the son, created Earl of Gloster,
Is with that smooth-tongued scholar Baldock gone,
And shipt but late for Ireland with the king.

Y. Mor.

Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink them all! [*Aside.*
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

Prince.

Shall I not see the king my father yet?

Kent.

Unhappy Edward, chased from England's bounds.

Sir J.

Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?

Queen.

I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!
Care of my country call'd me to this war.

Y. Mor.

Madam, have done with care and sad complaint;
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.

O. Spen.

Rebel is he that fights against the prince;
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

Y. Mor.

Take him away, he prates; you, Rice ap Howell,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.

149

Y. Mor.

We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their 'complices,
May in their fall be follow'd to their end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Neth Abbey, the Cloisters.*

Enter* EDWARD, SPENCER, *and* BALDOCK, *disguised, with the* ABBOT *and Monks.

Abbot.

Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;
As silent and as careful we will be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

Edw.

Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.

O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierced deeply with a sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?
Come, Spencer, Baldock, come, sit down by me;
Make trial now of thy philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven.
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chased; and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

Abbot.

Have you no fear: Your grace may sit secure,
If none but we do wot of your abode.

Y. Spen.

Not one alive; but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below.
'A gave a long look after us, my lord,
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

150

Bald.

We were embarkt for Ireland, wretched we!
With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear,
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

Edw.

Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer?
That bloody man! Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never ope these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!

Y. Spen.

Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good; here even we are betray'd.

***Enter* RICE AP HOWELL, *a Mower, and the* EARL LEICESTER.**

Mow.

Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.

Rice.

Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be short,
A fair commission warrants what we do.

Leis.

The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer:
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?
Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen
T' escape their hands that seek to reave his life.
But, Leister, leave to grow so passionate.
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I do arrest you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest,
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.
My lord, why droop you thus?

Edw.

O day the last of all my bliss on earth!
Centre of all misfortune! O my stars,
Why do you lour unkindly on a king?
Come Leister, then in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me.

Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.

Rice.

Away with them!

Y. Spen.

It may become thee yet,
To let us take our fárewell of his grace.

Abbot.

My heart with pity yearns to see this sight,
A king to bear these words and proud commands.

Edw.

Then, Spencer, oh, sweet Spencer, must we part?

151

Y. Spen.

We must, my lord, so will the angry heavens.

Edw.

Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.

Bald.

My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast, I fear me, so is thine.

Edw.

In heaven we may, in earth ne’er shall we meet:
And, Leister, say, what shall become of us?

Leis.

Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

Edw.

Must! it is somewhat hard, when kings must go.

Leis.

Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

Rice.

As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

Edw.

A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,
For friend hath Edward none, but these and these;
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

Rice.

My lord, let us be going; care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

Edw.

Well, that that shall be, shall be part we must!
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence, feignéd weeds! unfeignéd are my woes;
[*Casts off his disguise.*
Father, farewell! Leister, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must. Life, fárewell, with my friends.
[*Exeunt* EDWARD *and* LEICESTER.

Y. Spen.

Oh, is he gone! is noble Edward gone!
Parted from hence? never to see us more?
Rent, sphere of heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.

Bald.

Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are deprived the sunshine of our life:
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hand to heaven's immortal throne;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.

Rice.

Come, keep these preachments till you come unto
The place appointed. You, and such as you,
Have made wise work in England; will you away?

Mow.

Your lordship will, I trust, remember me?

Rice.

Remember thee? what else? Follow me to the town.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Kenilworth Castle.*

***Enter the* KING, LEICESTER, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *and* TRUSSEL.**

Leis.

Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

Edw.

Leister, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But, when th' imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.

And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain,
Full often am I soaring up to heaven,
To 'plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.

153

But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown but am controll'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy.
Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Winch.

Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.

Edw.

No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompasséd by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!

Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's Vine be perishéd,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

Leis.

My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer; will you yield your crown?

Edw.

Ah, Leister, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extreme my mind here murder'd is.
But that, the heavens appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
[*Taking off the crown.*
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:

Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king;
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown.
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.

See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again;
[*He puts on the crown.*
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments,
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head,
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Trus.

My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say will you resign or no?

Edw.

I'll not resign! but whilst I live be king!
Traitors, be gone! join you with Mortimer!
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will:—
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries!

Winch.

This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

Leis.

Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

Edw.

Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

Leis.

My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Winch.

If he be not, Leicester, then let him choose.

Edw.

O would I might! but heavens and earth conspire
To make me miserable! Here receive my crown;
Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be call'd the murderer of a king,
Take it. What, are you moved? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.

155

Edw.

Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,
Here, here! Now, sweet God of heaven,
[*He gives them the crown.*
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever enthronised in heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

Winch.

My lord.

Edw.

Call me not lord; out of my sight:
Ah, pardon me: grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety there is in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements—bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs;
[*Gives a handkerchief.*
If with the sight thereof she be not moved,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgrest,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

Trus.

And thus most humbly do we take our leave.

[*Exeunt* BISHOP *and* TRUSSEL.

Edw.

Farewell; I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;
To wretched men, death is felicity.

***Enter* BERKELEY, *who gives a paper to* LEICESTER.**

Leis.

Another post! what news brings he?

Edw.

Such news as I expect—come, Berkeley, come
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

Berk.

My lord, think not a thought so villainous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

Leis.

My lord, the council of the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

Edw.

And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?

Berk.

Ay, my most gracious lord—so ‘tis decreed.

Edw.

[*Taking the paper.*] By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
Well may I rent his name that rends my heart! [*Tears it.*

Edw.

This poor revenge hath something eased my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

Berk.

Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.

Edw.

Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

Leis.

Favour him, as much as lieth in you.

Berk.

E'en so betide my soul as I use him.

Edw.

Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now removed.

Berk.

And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

Edw.

I know not; but of this am I assured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell!

Leis.

Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*In the Royal Palace.*

***Enter* MORTIMER *and* QUEEN ISABEL.**

Y. Mor.

Fair Isabel, now have we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm.
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That if he slip will seize upon us both,
And grip the sorer, being gript himself.

Think therefore, madam, that it imports us much
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him;
For our behoof, ‘twill bear the greater sway
Whenas a king’s name shall be under writ.

Queen.

Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

157

Y. Mor.

First would I hear news he were deposed,
And then let me alone to handle him.

***Enter* Messenger.**

Letters! from whence?

Mess.

From Killingworth, my lord.

Queen.

How fares my lord the king?

Mess.

In health, madám, but full of pensiveness.

Queen.

Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

Enter* WINCHESTER *with the Crown.

Thanks, gentle Winchester. [*To Messenger.*] Sirrah, be gone.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Winch.

The king hath willingly resign’d his crown.

Queen.

O happy news! send for the prince, my son.

Winch.

Further, ere this was seal'd, Lord Berkeley came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth;
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free; no more but so.
The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

Queen.

Then let some other be his guardian.

Y. Mor.

Let me alone, here is the privy seal.

[*Exit* WINCHESTER.

Who's there!—call hither Gurney and Matrevis.
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Berkeley shall be discharged, the king removed,
And where he lieth none but we shall know.

Queen.

But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Y. Mor.

Speak, shall he then be presently despatcht?

Queen.

I would he were, so't were not by my means.

***Enter* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.**

Y. Mor.

Enough. Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Mat.

It shall be done, my lord.

Y. Mor.

Gurney.

Gur.

My lord.

Y. Mor.

As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.

Gur.

I warrant you, my lord.

Y. Mor.

And this above the rest, because we hear
That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again?
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

Mat.

Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

Y. Mor.

So now away; post thitherwards amain.

Queen.

Whither goes this letter? to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love. [*Gives a ring.*

Mat.

I will, madám. [*Exeunt* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

Enter the* YOUNG PRINCE, *and* KENT *talking with him.

Y. Mor.
Finely dissembled! Do so still, sweet queen.
Here comes the young prince, with the Earl of Kent.
Queen.
Something he whispers in his childish ears.
Y. Mor.
If he have such accéss unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dasht.
Queen.
Use Edmund friendly as if all were well.
Y. Mor.
How fares my honourable lord of Kent,
Kent.
In health, sweet Mortimer: how fares your grace?
Queen.
Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged.
Kent.
I hear of late he hath deposed himself.
Queen.
The more my grief.
Y. Mor.
And mine.
Kent.
Ah, they dissemble! [*Aside.*

159
Queen.
Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.
Y. Mor.
You being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

Kent.

Not I, my lord; who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life; I mean the queen?

Prince.

Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown:
Let him be king—I am too young to reign.

Queen.

But be content, seeing ‘tis his highness’ pleasure.

Prince.

Let me but see him first, and then I will.

Kent.

Ay, do, sweet nephew.

Queen.

It is impossible.

Prince.

Why, is he dead?

Queen.

No, Edward, God forbid.

Kent.

I would those words proceeded from your heart.

Y. Mor.

Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

Kent.

The more cause have I now to make amends.

Y. Mor.

I tell thee, ‘tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.
My lord, he hath betray’d the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

Prince.

But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

Queen.

Come, son, go with this gentle lord and me.

Prince.

With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Y. Mor.

Why, youngling, ‘sdain’st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

Prince.

Help, uncle Kent, help! Mortimer will wrong me.

Queen.

Brother Edmund, strive not; we’re his friends;
His mother’s nearer than the Earl of Kent.

Kent.

Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

Queen.

Edward is my son, and I will keep him.
[*Exeunt all except* KENT.

Kent.

Mortimer shall know that he hath wrong’d me!—
Hence will I haste to Castle Killingworth,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be revenged on Mortimer and the queen.
O miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep court, and kings are lockt in prison. [*Exit.*

***Enter* YOUNG MORTIMER.**

Y. Mor.

The king must die, or Mortimer goes down.

160

Y. Mor.

The commons now begin to pity him.
Yet he that is the cause of Edward’s death,
Is sure to pay for’t when his son’s of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life. [*Reads.*

Edwardum occidere nolite timere; bonum est—
Fear not to kill the king; 'tis good he die.
But read it thus, and that's another sense:
Edwardum occidere nolite; timere bonum est—
Kill not the king; 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shalt it go,
That, being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caused it to be done.
Within this room is lockt the messenger,
That shall convey it, and perform the rest;
And by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murd'red when the deed is done.
Lightborn!

***Enter* LIGHTBORN.**

Y. Mor.
Art thou so resolute as thou wast?

Light.
What else, my lord? and far more resolute.

Y. Mor.
And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

Light.
Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.

Y. Mor.
But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

Light.
Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relent.

Y. Mor.
Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

Light.
You shall not need to give instructiöns;
Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man.
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust through the throat;

To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.
But yet I have a braver way than these.

Y. Mor.

What's that?

Light.

Nay, pardon; none shall know my tricks.

Y. Mor.

I care not how 'tis, so it be not spied.

Y. Mor.

Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis. [*Gives letter.*
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away, and never see me more,
Unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

Light.

That will I quickly do; farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Y. Mor.

The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly congé to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass:
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will;
Fear'd am I more than loved—let me be fear'd;
And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire.
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,

Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*,
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam* as they term it;
AND to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king, and none rules us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
And what I list command who dare control?
And that this be the coronation day,
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen. [*Trumpets within.*
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

Enter the* YOUNG KING, the QUEEN, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *Champion, and Nobles.

Bishop.

Long live King Edward, by the grace of God,
Of England King, and Lord of Ireland!

Cham.

If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dare but affirm, that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.

Y. Mor.

None comes, sound trumpets.

King.

Champion, here's to thee. [*Gives a purse.*

Queen.

Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.
[*Exeunt all except* KING, QUEEN, *and* MORTIMER.

Enter Soldiers with the* EARL OF KENT, *prisoner.

Y. Mor.

What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

Sol.

Edmund, the Earl of Kent.

King.

What hath he done?

Sol.

He would have ta'en the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Y. Mor.

Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.

Kent.

Ay, Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

Y. Mor.

Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.

Kent.

Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee.

King.

My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

Y. Mor.

My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

King.

Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life

Queen.

Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.

King.

Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him—
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

Y. Mor.

'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

Kent.

Art thou king? must I die at thy command?

Y. Mor.

At our command! once more, away with him.

Kent.

Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood.
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?
[*They hale* KENT *away.*

King.

What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?

Queen.

Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;
Had Edmund lived, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a hunting in the park. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Berkeley Castle. A room next to Edward's dungeon.*

***Enter* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.**

Mat.

Gurney, I wonder that the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.

Gur.

And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I op'ned but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour.

Mat.

He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.

Gur.

Send for him out thence, and I'll anger him.

Mat.

But stay, who's this?

***Enter* LIGHTBORN.**

Light.

My Lord Protector greets you. [*Gives letter.*

Gur.

What's here? I know not how to construe it.

Mat.

Gurney, 'twas left unpointed for the nonce:
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning, *Fear not to kill the king.*

Light.

Know you this token? I must have the king.

Mat.

Ay, stay a while, thou shalt have answer straight,
This villain's sent to make away the king.

Gur.

I thought as much.

Mat.

And, when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour,
Pereat iste! Let him have the king.

Gur.

What else? here is the key, this is the lock,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Light.

I know what I must do; get you away.
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;

Gur.

Here is a light to go into the dungeon.

[*Exit with* MATREVIS.

164

Light.

I must about this gear; ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be,

[*He opens the dungeon door.*

Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

***Enter* KING EDWARD.**

Edw.

Who's there? what light's that? wherefore comest thou?

Light.

To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw.

Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light.

To murder you, O my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

Edw.

Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me.
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from th' Caucasus,
Yet it will melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light.

O villains!

Edw.

And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance.
My mind's distemp'red, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropt out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I lookt not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont,

Light.

O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed and rest yourself awhile.

Edw.

These looks of thine can harbour nought but death;
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

165

Edw.

Yet stay; awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light.

What means your highness to mistrust me thus!

Edw.

What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus!

Light.

These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw.

Forgive my fault for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this. [*Giving jewel.*
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know, that I am a king: oh! at that name
I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I still remain alive?

Light.

You're overwatcht, my lord; lie down and rest.

Edw.

But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eye-lids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sit'st thou here?

Light.

If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw.

No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay. [*Sleeps.*

Light.

He sleeps.

Edw.

[*Awakes.*] Oh! let me not die yet: oh stay a while!

Light.

How now!

Edw.

Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light.

To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Enter* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.—*They rush upon the King

Edw.

I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Sweet God, assist me, and receive my soul.
[*He shrieks, and is murdered.*

SCENE IV.—*Outside Berkeley Castle. Night.*

***Enter* MATREVIS, GURNEY, *and* LIGHTBORN.**

Mat.

I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.

Light.

Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

Gur.

Excellent well; take this for thy reward.
[GURNEY *stabs* LIGHTBORN.
Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:
Away! Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*In the Royal Palace.*

***Enter* MORTIMER *and* MATREVIS.**

Y. Mor.

Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

Mat.

Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone.

Y. Mor.

Matrevis, if thou now grow'st penitent
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore chuse,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

Mat.

Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both, pray therefore let me fly.

Y. Mor.

Fly to the savages.

Mat.

I thank your honour. [*Exit.*

Y. Mor.

As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree;
And others are but shrubs compared to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death.

***Enter the* QUEEN.**

Queen.

Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news
His father's dead, and we have murd'red him.

Y. Mor.

What if he have? the king is yet a child.

Queen.

Ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,

Queen.

And vows to be revenged upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ay me! see where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter the **KING** *with the* **BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, LEICESTER,** *and other Lords.*

Bishop.

Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.

King.

Villain!

Y. Mor.

Ho now, my lord!

King.

Think not that I am frighted with thy words!
My father's murd'red through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accurséd head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon inter'd.

Queen.

Weep not, sweet son!

King.

Forbid not me to weep, he was my father;
And, had you loved him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspired with Mortimer.

Bishop.

Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

Y. Mor.

Because I think scorn to be accused.
Who is the man dare say I murdered him?

King.

Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murd'redst him

Y. Mor.

But hath your grace no other proof than this?

King.

Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.

Y. Mor.

False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself. [*Aside.*

Queen.

I fear'd as much; murder cannot be hid. [Aside.

Y. Mor.

It is my hand; what gather you by this?

King.

That thither thou didst send a murderer.

Y. Mor.

What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.

King.

Ay, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain;
And so shalt thou be too. Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,
Hang him I say, and set his quarters up.
But bring his head back presently to me.

168

Queen.

For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.

Y. Mor.

Madam, entreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

King.

Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!

Y. Mor.

Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which, when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I toucht,
And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?
Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

King.

What! suffer you the traitor to delay?

[MORTIMER *is taken away.*

Queen.

As thou receivedest thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

King.

This argues that you spilt my father's blood?
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

Queen.

I spill his blood?

King.

Ay, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.

Queen.

That rumour is untrue; for loving thee
Is this report raised on poor Isabel?

King.

I do not think her so unnatural.

Leis.

My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

King.

Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till farther trial may be made thereof;
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

Queen.

Nay, to my death, for too long have I lived,
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

King.

Away with her, her words enforce these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speak again.

Queen.

Shall I not mourn for my belovéd lord,
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

Leis.

Thus, madam; ‘tis the king’s will you shall hence,

Queen.

He hath forgot me; stay, I am his mother.

Leis.

That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

Queen.

Then come, sweet death and rid me of this grief.

[*Exit.*

169

A dead march is heard afar off.

King.

Here comes my father’s hearse; help me to mourn.
Sweet father, here unto thy murd’red ghost
I offer up a wicked traitor’s head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocency. [*Exeunt.*

KING EDWARD III

PERSONS REPRESENTED

EDWARD III., *King of England.*
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF DERBY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
LORD AUDLEY.
LORD PERCY.
LODOWICK, *Edward’s Confidant.*
SIR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE.
SIR JOHN COPLAND.

Two Esquires, and four Heralds, English.
ROBERT, *Earl of Artois.*
GOBIN DE GREY.
JOHN, *King of France.*
CHARLES and PHILIP, *his sons.*
DUKE OF LORRAIN.
KING OF BOHEMIA.
Six Citizens of Calais.
A French Captain.
A Mariner.
Three Heralds, French.
DAVID, *King of Scotland.*
EARL DOUGLAS.

PHILIPPA, *Queen to King Edward.*
COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

KING EDWARD III

ACT I

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter* KING EDWARD, *attended;* PRINCE OF WALES, WARWICK, DERBY, ARTOIS, *and others.

Edw.
Robert of Artois, banish'd though thou be
From France, thy native country, yet with us
Thou shalt retain as great a signiory;
For we create thee Earl of Richmond here.
And now go forwards with our pedigree:

Who next succeeded Philip named le beau?

Art.

Three sons of his; which all, successively,
Did sit upon their father's regal throne;
Yet dy'd, and left no issue of their loins.

Edw.

But was my mother sister unto those?

Art.

She was, my lord; and only Isabelle
Was all the daughters that this Philip had;
Whom afterward your father took to wife;
From her, yourself, the flower of Europe's hope,
Derivéd is inheritor to France.
But note the rancour of rebellious minds.
When thus the linage of le beau was out,
The French obscur'd your mother's priviledge;
And, though she were the next of blood, proclaim'd
John, of the house of Valois, now their king:
The reason was, they say, the realm of France,
Replete with princes of great parentage,
Ought not admit a governor to rule,
Except he be descended of the male;
And that's the special ground of their contempt,

Wherewith they study to exclude your grace:
But they shall find that forgéd ground of theirs
To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand.
Perhaps, it will be thought a heinous thing,
That I, a Frenchman, should discover this:
But heaven I call to record of my vows;
It is not hate, nor any private wrong,
But love unto my country, and the right,
Provokes my tongue thus lavish in report:

You are the lineal watchman of our peace,
And John of Valois indirectly climbs:
What then should subjects, but embrace their king?

Edw.

This counsel, Artois, like to fruitful showers,
Hath added growth unto my dignity:
And, by the fiery vigour of thy words,
Hot courage is engender'd in my breast,
Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
That spurn against my sov'reignty in France.—
[*Cornet within.*
A messenger?—Lord Audley, know from whence.
[*Exit* AUDLEY, *and returns.*

Aud.

The Duke of Lorrain, having cross'd the seas,
Intreats he may have conference with your highness.

Edw.

Admit him, lords, that we may hear the news.—

Enter* LORRAIN, *attended.

Say, Duke of Lorrain, wherefore art thou come?

Lor.

The most renowned prince, King John of France,
Doth greet thee, Edward: and by me commands,
That, for so much as by his liberal gift
The Guyenne dukedom is entail'd to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same:
And, for that purpose, here I summon thee
Repair to France within these forty days,
That there, according as the custom is,
Thou mayst be sworn true liege-man to the king;
Or, else, thy title in that province dies,
And he himself will repossess the place.

Edw.

See, how occasion laughs me in the face!
No sooner minded to prepare for France,

175

But, straight, I am invited; nay, with threats,
Upon a penalty, enjoin'd to come;
'Twere but a foolish part, to say him nay.—
Lorrain, return this answer to thy lord:
I mean to visit him, as he requests;
But how? not servilely dispos'd to bend;
But like a conqueror, to make him bow:
His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light;
And truth hath pull'd the vizard from his face,
That set a gloss upon his arrogance.
Dare he command a fealty in me?
Tell him, the crown, that he usurps, is mine;
And where he sets his foot, he ought to kneel:
'Tis not a petty dukedom that I claim,
But all the whole dominions of the realm;
Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his,
And send him naked to the wilderness.

Lor.

Then, Edward, here, in sight of all thy lords,
I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Pri.

Defiance, Frenchman? we rebound it back,
Even to the bottom of thy master's throat:
And, be it spoke with reverence of the king
My gracious father, and these other lords,—
I hold thy message but as scurrilous;
And him, that sent thee, like the lazy drone,
Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest;
From whence we'll shake him with so rough a storm,

As others shall be warnéd by his harm.

War.

Bid him leave off the lion's case he wears;
Lest, meeting with the lion in the field,
He chance to tear him piece-meal for his pride.

Art.

The soundest counsel I can give his grace,
Is, to surrender ere he be constrain'd:
A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
Than when reproach with violence is born.

Lor.

Degenerate traitor, viper to the place
Where thou wast foster'd in thine infancy,
Bear'st thou a part in this conspiracy?

Edw.

This is thy final answer; so be gone.

[*Exeunt* LORRAIN, *and Train.*

176

Edw.

Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under sail:
Our gage is thrown; and war is soon begun,
But not so quickly brought unto an end.—

***Enter* SIR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE.**

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?
How stands the league between the Scot and us?

Mou.

Crack'd and dissever'd, my renowned lord.
The treacherous king no sooner was inform'd
Of your withdrawing of our army back,
But straight, forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering towns:
Berwick is won; Newcastle spoil'd and lost;

And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege
The castle of Roxborough, where enclos'd
The Countess Salisbury is like to perish.

Edw.

That is thy daughter, Warwick, is it not;
Whose husband hath in Bretagne serv'd so long,
About the planting of Lord Montfort there?

War.

It is, my lord.

Edw.

Ignoble David! hast thou none to grieve,
But silly ladies, with thy threat'ning arms?
But I will make you shrink your snaily horns.—
First, therefore, Audley, this shall be thy charge;
Go levy footmen for our wars in France:—
And, Ned, take muster of our men at arms:
In every shire elect a several band;
Let them be soldiers of a lusty spirit,
Such as dread nothing but dishonour's blot:
Be wary therefore; since we do commence
A famous war, and with so mighty a nation.—
Derby, be thou embassador for us
Unto our father-in-law, the Earl of Hainault:
Make him acquainted with our enterprize;
And likewise will him, with our own allies,
That are in Flanders, to solicit too
The Emperor of Almaigne in our name.—
Myself, whilst you are jointly thus employ'd,
Will, with these forces that I have at hand,
March, and once more repulse the trait'rous Scots.

Edw.

But, sirs, be resolute; we shall have wars

On every side—and, Ned, thou must begin
Now to forget thy study and thy books,
And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight.

Pri.

As cheerful sounding to my youthful spleen
This tumult is of war's encreasing broils,
As, at the coronation of a king,
The joyful clamours of the people are,
When, Ave, Cæsar! they pronounce aloud;
Within this school of honour I shall learn,
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.

Edw.

Then cheerfully forward, each a several way;
In great affairs 'tis naught to use delay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Roxborough. Before the Castle. King David's Tent.*

Enter* KING DAVID, DOUGLAS, LORRAIN, *and others.

Dav.

My lord of Lorrain, to our brother of France
Commend us, as the man in Christendom
Whom we most reverence, and entirely love.
Touching your embassage, return, and say,
That we with England will not enter parley,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce;
But burn their neighbour towns, and so persist
With eager roads beyond their city York.
And never shall our bonny riders rest;
Nor rusting canker have the time to eat
Their light-borne snaffles, nor their nimble spurs;
Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail;

Nor hang their staves of grainéd Scottish ash
In peaceful wise upon their city walls;
Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts
Dismiss their biting whinyards,—till your king
Cry out "Enough; spare England now for pity."
Farewell; and tell him, that you leave us here
Before this castle; say, you came from us
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.

178

Lor.

I take my leave; and fairly will return
Your acceptable greeting to my king. [*Exit* LORRAIN.

Dav.

Now, Douglas, to our former task again,
For the division of this certain spoil.

Dou.

My liege, I crave the lady, and no more.

Dav.

Nay, soft ye, sir, first I must make my choice;
And first I do bespeak her for myself.

Dou.

Why then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.

Dav.

Those are her own, still liable to her,
And, who inherits her, hath those withal.

Enter a* Messenger, *hastily.

Mes.

My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might descry a mighty host of men:
The sun, reflecting on the armour, shew'd
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanc'd;

Bethink your highness speedily herein:
An easy march within four hours will bring
The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege.

Dav.

Dislodge, dislodge, it is the King of England.

Dou.

Jemmy, my man, saddle my bonny black.

Dav.

Mean'st thou to fight, Douglas? we are too weak.

Dou.

I know it well, my liege, and therefore flee.

Enter another **Messenger.**

Mes.

Arm, my good lord; O, we are all surpriz'd!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Courtyard of Roxborough Castle.*

Enter **COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.**

Cou.

O happy comfort, welcome to our house!
The confident and boist'rous boasting Scot,—
That swore before my walls, he would not back
For all the arméd power of this land,—
With faceless fear, that ever turns his back,
Turn'd hence against the blasting north-east wind,
Upon the bare report and name of arms.

Enter **MOUNTAGUE,** ***and others.***

Cou.

O summer's day! see where my cousin comes.

Mou.

How fares my aunt? Why, aunt, we are not Scots;
Why do you shut your gates against your friends?

Cou.

Well may I give a welcome, cousin, to thee,
For thou comest well to chase my foes from hence.

Mou.

The king himself is come in person hither;
Dear aunt, descend, and gratulate his highness.

Cou.

How may I entertain his majesty,
To shew my duty, and his dignity?

Enter* KING EDWARD, WARWICK, ARTOIS, *and others.

Edw.

What, are the stealing foxes fled and gone,
Before we could uncouple at their heels?

War.

They are, my liege; but, with a cheerful cry,
Hot hounds, and hardy, chase them at the heels.

Edw.

This is the countess, Warwick, is it not?

War.

Even she, my liege; whose beauty tyrant fear,
As a may-blossom with pernitious winds,
Hath sully'd, wither'd, overcast, and done.

Edw.

Hath she been fairer, Warwick, than she is?

War.

My gracious king, fair is she not at all,
If that herself were by to stain herself,
As I have seen her when she was herself.

Edw.

What strange enchantment lurk'd in those her eyes,
When they excell'd this excellence they have,
That now their dim decline hath power to draw
My subject eyes from piercing majesty,
To gaze on her with doting admiration?

Cou.

In duty lower than the ground I kneel,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart,
To witness my obedience to your highness;
With many millions of a subject's thanks
For this your royal presence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

Edw.

Lady, stand up: I come to bring thee peace,
However thereby I have purchased war.

Cou.

No war to you, my liege; the Scots are gone,
And gallop home toward Scotland with their haste.

180

Edw.

Lest yielding here I pine in shameful love,
Come, we'll pursue the Scots;—Artois, away.

Cou.

A little while, my gracious sovereign, stay,
And let the power of a mighty king
Honour our roof; my husband in the wars,
When he shall hear it, will triumph for joy:
Then, dear my liege, now niggard not thy state;
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

Edw.

Pardon me, countess, I will come no near;
I dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear.

Cou.

Far from this place let ugly treason lie!

Edw.

[*Aside.*] No farther off, than her conspiring eye;
Which shoots infected poison in my heart,
Beyond repulse of wit, or cure of art.
Warwick, Artois, to horse, and let's away.

Cou.

What might I speak, to make my sovereign stay?

Edw.

What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye,
That more persuades than winning oratory?

Cou.

Let not thy presence, like the April sun,
Flatter our earth, and suddenly be done.
More happy do not make our outward wall,
Than thou wilt grace our inward house withal.
Our house, my liege, is like a country swain,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and plain,
Presageth nought; yet inly beautify'd
With bounty's riches, and fair hidden pride:
For, where the golden ore doth bury'd lie,
The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapestry,
Seems barren, sere, unfertil, fruitless, dry;
These raggéd walls no testimony are
What is within; but, like a cloak, doth hide,
From weather's waste, the undergarnish'd pride.
More gracious than my terms can let thee be,
Intreat thyself to stay a while with me.

Edw.

[*Aside.*] As wise as fair; what fond fit can be heard,
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard?—

Edw.

Countess, albeit my business urgeth me,
It shall attend, while I attend on thee.—

Come on, my lords, here will I host to-night.

[*They enter the Castle.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Roxborough. Garden of the Castle.*

***Enter* LODOWICK.**

Lod.

I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance;
And changing passion, like inconstant clouds,—
That, rack'd upon the carriage of the winds,
Increase, and die,—in his disturbéd cheeks.
Lo, when she blush'd, even then did he look pale;
As if her cheeks, by some enchanted power,
Attracted had the cherry blood from his:
Anon, with reverent fear when she grew pale,
His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments;
But no more like her oriental red,
Than brick to coral, or live things to dead.
Why did he then thus counterfeit her looks?
If she did blush, 'twas tender modest shame,
Being in the sacred presence of a king;
If he did blush, 'twas red immodest shame,
To vail his eyes amiss, being a king:
If she look'd pale, 'twas silly woman's fear,
To bear herself in presence of a king;
If he look'd pale, it was with guilty fear,
To dote amiss, being a mighty king:
Then, Scottish wars, farewell; I fear, 'twill prove

A ling'ring English siege of peevish love.
Here comes his highness, walking all alone.

Enter KING EDWARD.

Edw.

She is grown more fairer far since I came hither;
Her voice more silver every word than other,
Her wit more fluent. What a strange discourse
Unfolded she, of David, and his Scots?
Even thus, quoth she, he spake,—and then spoke broad,
With epithets and accents of the Scots;

182

Edw.

But somewhat better than the Scot could speak:
And thus, quoth she, and answer'd then herself;
For who could speak like her? but she herself
Breaths from the wall an angel's note from heaven
Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
Commanded war to prison; when of war,
It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,
To hear war beautify'd by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue;
Beauty a slander, but in her fair face:
There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks;
Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the Scots, that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land;
But call them cowards, that they ran away,
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.—
Art thou there, Lodowick? give me ink and paper.

Lod.

I will, my sovereign.

Edw.

And bid the lords hold on their play at chess,
For we will walk and meditate alone.

Lod.

I will, my liege. [*Exit* LODOWICK.

Edw.

This fellow is well read in poetry,
And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit:
I will acquaint him with my passion;
Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,

Edw.

Through which the queen of beauty's queens shall see
Herself the ground of my infirmity.—

Re-enter LODOWICK.

Edw.

Hast thou pen and paper ready, Lodowick?

Lod.

Ready, my liege.

Edw.

Then in the summer arbour sit by me,
Make it our council-house, or cabinet;
Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,
Where we will ease us by disburd'ning them.
Now, Lodowick, invocate some golden muse,
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
That may, for sighs, set down true sighs indeed;
Talking of grief, to make thee really groan;

183

Edw.

And, when thou writ'st of tears, encouch the word,
Before, and after, with such sweet laments,
That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,

And make a flint heart Scythian pitiful:
For so much moving hath a poet's pen;
Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,
And be enriched by thy sovereign's love.
For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings
Could force attendance in the ears of hell;
How much more shall the strains of poet's wit
Beguile, and ravish, soft and humane minds?

Lod.

To whom, my lord, shall I direct my stile?

Edw.

To one that shames the fair, and sots the wise;
Whose body, as an abstract, or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world:
Better than beautiful, thou must begin;
Devise for fair a fairer word than fair;
And every ornament, that thou wouldst praise,
Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise:
For flattery fear thou not to be convicted;
For, were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand more the worth exceeds,
Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth.
Begin, I will to contemplate the while:
Forget not to set down, how passionate,
How heart-sick, and how full of languishment,
Her beauty makes me.

Lod.

Write I to a woman?

Edw.

What beauty else could triumph over me;
Or who, but women, do our love-lays greet?
What, think'st thou I did bid thee praise a horse?

Lod.

Of what condition or estate she is,

’Twere requisite that I should know, my lord.

Edw.

Of such estate, that hers is as a throne,
And my estate the footstool where she treads:
Then mayst thou judge what her condition is,
By the proportion of her mightiness.
Write on, while I peruse her in my thoughts.—
Her voice to music, or the nightingale:—
To music every summer-leaping swain
Compares his sun-burnt lover when she speaks.

184

Edw.

Her hair, far softer than the silk-worm’s twist,
Like to a flattering glass, doth make more fair
The yellow amber. Like a flattering glass
Comes in too soon; for, writing of her eyes,
I’ll say, that like a glass they catch the sun,
And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
Against my breast, and burns my heart within.
Ah, what a world of descant makes my soul
Upon this voluntary ground of love!—
Come, Lodowick, hast thou turn’d thy ink to gold?
If not, write but in letters capital
My mistress’ name, and it will gild thy paper.
Fill now the empty hollows of mine ears
With the sweet hearing of thy poetry.

Lod.

I have not to a period brought her praise.

Edw.

Her praise is as my love, both infinite;
Her beauty hath no match, but my affection;
Then wherefore talk’st thou of a period,
To that which craves unended admiration?

Read, let us hear.

Lod.

”More fair, and chaste, than is the queen of shades,”—

Edw.

That line hath two faults, gross and palpable:
Compar’st thou her to the pale queen of night,
Who, being set in dark, seems therefore light?
What is she, when the sun lifts up his head,
But like a fading taper, dim and dead?
My love shall brave the eye of heaven at noon,
And, being unmask’d, outshine the golden sun.

Lod.

What is the other fault, my sovereign lord?

Edw.

Read o’er the line again.

Lod.

”More fair, and chaste,”—

Edw.

I did not bid thee talk of chastity,
To ransack so the treasure of her mind.
Out with the moon-line, I will none of it,
And let me have her liken’d to the sun:
Say, she hath thrice more splendor than the sun,
That her perfection emulates the sun,
That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,
That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,

185

Edw.

That she doth dazzle gazers like the sun:
And, in this application to the sun,
Bid her be free and general as the sun;
Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows,

As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.
Let's see what follows that same moon-light line.

Lod.

"More fair, and chaste, than is the queen of shades;
More bold in constancy "—

Edw.

In constancy! than who?

Lod.

"Than Judith was."

Edw.

O monstrous line! Put in the next a sword,
And I shall woo her to cut off my head.
Blot, blot, good Lodowick! Let us hear the next.

Lod.

There's all that yet is done.

Edw.

I thank thee then, thou hast done little ill:
But what is done, is passing passing ill.
No, let the captain talk of boist'rous war;
The prisoner, of immuréd dark constraint;
The sick man best sets down the pangs of death;
The man that starves, the sweetness of a feast;
The frozen soul, the benefit of fire;
And every grief, his happy opposite:
Love cannot sound well, but in lovers' tongues;
Give me the pen and paper, I will write.—

***Enter* COUNTESS.**

Edw.

But, soft, here comes the treasure of my spirit.—
Lodowick, thou know'st not how to draw a battle;
These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons
Argue in thee defective discipline:
Thou shouldst have plac'd this here, this other here.

Cou.

Pardon my boldness, my thrice gracious lord;
Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty,
That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.

Edw.

Go, draw the same, I tell thee in what form.
[*Exit* LODOWICK.

Cou.

Sorry I am to see my liege so sad:
What may thy subject do, to drive from thee
Thy gloomy consort, sullen melancholy?
Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot strew

186

The flowers of solace in a ground of shame:—
Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.

Cou.

Now, God forbid, that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong! Thrice gentle king,
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

Edw.

How near then shall I be to remedy?

Cou.

As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

Edw.

If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress:
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, countess; else, I die.

Cou.

I will, my liege.

Edw.

Swear, countess, that thou wilt.

Cou.

By heaven, I will.

Edw.

Then take thyself aside;
And tell thyself a king doth dote on thee:
Say, that within thy power it doth lie,
To make him happy; and that thou hast sworn
To give me all the joy within thy power:
Do this, and tell me when I shall be happy.

Cou.

All this is done, my thrice dread sovereign:
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou hast with all devout obedience;
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

Edw.

Thou hear'st me say that I do dote on thee.

Cou.

If on my beauty, take it if thou canst;
Though little, I do prize it ten times less:
If on my virtue, take it if thou canst;
For virtue's store by giving doth augment:
Be it on what it will, that I can give,
And thou canst take away, inherit it.

Edw.

It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Cou.

O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself, to give it thee:
But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life;
Take one, and both; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.

Edw.

But thou mayst lend it me, to sport withal.

Cou.

As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,

As lend my body, palace to my soul,

187

Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted;
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

Edw.

Didst thou not swear, to give me what I would?

Cou.

I did, my liege; so, what you would, I could.

Edw.

I wish no more of thee, than thou mayst give:
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy,
That is, thy love; and, for that love of thine,
In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.

Cou.

But that your lips were sacred, O my lord,
You would prophane the holy name of love:
That love, you offer me, you cannot give;
For Cæsar owes that tribute to his queen:
That love, you beg of me, I cannot give;
For Sarah owes that duty to her lord.
He, that doth clip, or counterfeit, your stamp,
Shall die, my lord: and will your sacred self
Commit high treason against the King of heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance, and your oath?
In violating marriage sacred law,
You break a greater honour than yourself:
To be a king, is of a younger house,
Than to be marry'd; your progenitor,
Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,

By God was honour'd for a marry'd man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty, to break your statutes,
Though not enacted by your highness' hand:
How much more, to infringe the holy act
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with His hand?
I know, my sovereign—in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal service in his wars—
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale, or no;
Lest being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.
[*Exit* COUNTESS.

Edw.
Whether is her beauty by her words divine;

188

Edw.
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty?
Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauty, beauty words.

***Enter* WARWICK.**

Edw.
Here comes her father: I will work with him,
To bear my colours in this field of love.

War.
How is it, that my sovereign is so sad?
May I with pardon know your highness' grief,
And that my old endeavour will remove it,
It shall not cumber long your majesty.

Edw.
A kind and voluntary gift thou proffer'st,

That I was forward to have begg'd of thee.
But, O thou world, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words,
And peize their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise?
O, that a man might hold the heart's close book;
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
The breath of falsehood not character'd there!

War.

Far be it from the honour of my age,
That I should owe bright gold, and render lead!
Age is a cynic, not a flatterer:
I say again, that, if I knew your grief,
And that by me it may be lessenéd,
My proper harm should buy your highness' good.

Edw.

These are the vulgar tenders of false men,
That never pay the duty of their words.
Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast said;
But, when thou know'st my grief's condition,
This rash-disgorgéd vomit of thy word
Thou wilt eat up again, and leave me helpless.

War.

By heaven, I will not though your majesty
Did bid me run upon your sword, and die.

Edw.

Say, that my grief is no way med'cinable,
But by the loss and bruising of thine honour?

War.

If nothing but that loss may vantage you,
I would account that loss my vantage too.

Edw.

Think'st that thou canst unswear thy oath again?

War.

I cannot; nor I would not, if I could.

Edw.

But, if thou dost, what shall I say to thee?

War.

What may be said to any perjur'd villain,
That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath.

Edw.

What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath?

War.

That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
And from them both stands excommunicate.

Edw.

What office were it, to suggest a man
To break a lawful and religious vow?

War.

An office for the devil, not for man.

Edw.

That devil's office must thou do for me!
Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds
Of love, and duty, 'twixt thyself and me.
And therefore, Warwick, if thou art thyself,
The lord and master of thy word and oath,
Go to thy daughter; and, in my behalf,
Command her, woo her, win her any ways,
To be my mistress, and my secret love.
I will not stand to hear thee make reply;
Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die.

[*Exit* EDWARD.

War.

O doting king! O detestable office!
Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself,
When he hath sworn me by the name of God,
To break a vow made by the name of God.

What if I swear by this right hand of mine,
To cut this right hand off? the better way
Were, to prophane the idol, than confound it:
But neither will I do; I'll keep my oath,
And to my daughter make a recantation
Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her:
I'll say, she must forget her husband Salisbury,
If she remember, to embrace the king;
I'll say, an oath may easily be broken;
But not so easily pardon'd, being broken;
I'll say, it is true charity to love,
But not true love to be so charitable;
I'll say, his greatness may bear out the shame,
But not his kingdom can buy out the sin;
I'll say, it is my duty to persuade,
But not her honesty to give consent.

190

***Enter* COUNTESS.**

See, where she comes. Was never father, had,
Against his child, an embassage so bad.

Cou.

My lord and father, I have sought for you:
My mother and the peers importune you,
To keep in presence of his majesty,
And do your best to make his highness merry.

War.

[Aside.] How shall I enter in this graceless errand?
I must not call her child; for where's the father
That will, in such a suit, seduce his child?
Then, Wife of Salisbury,—shall I so begin?
No, he's my friend; and where is found the friend,
That will do friendship such endamagement?—

Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife.
I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am,
But an attorney from the court of hell;
That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form,
To do a message to thee from the king.
The mighty King of England dotes on thee:
He, that hath power to take away thy life:
Hath power to take thine honour; then consent
To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life:
Honour is often lost, and got again;
But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grass;
The king, that would distain thee, will advance thee.
The poets write, that great Achilles' spear
Could heal the wound it made: the moral is,
What mighty men misdo, they can amend.
The king will in his glory hide thy shame;
And those, that gaze on him to find out thee,
Will lose their eyesight, looking in the sun.
The king's great name will temper thy misdeeds,
And give the bitter potion of reproach
A sugar'd sweet and most delicious taste:
Besides, it is no harm, to do the thing
Which without shame could not be left undone.
Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf,
Apparel'd sin in virtuous sentences,
And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

191

Cou.

Unnatural besiege! Woe me, unhappy,
To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worse environ'd by friends!
Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,

But to corrupt the author of my blood,
To be his scandalous and vile solicitor?
No marvel, though the branches be infected,
When poison hath encompassed the root:
No marvel, though the leprous infant die,
When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
Why, then, give sin a passport to offend,
And youth the dangerous rein of liberty:
Blot out the strict forbidding of the law;
And cancel every canon that prescribes
A shame for shame, or penance for offence.
No, let me die, if his too boist'rous will
Will have it so, before I will consent
To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War.

Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee speak:
And mark how I unsay my words again.
An honourable grave is more esteem'd
Than the polluted closet of a king:
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good, or bad, that he shall undertake:
An unreputed mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is:
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss:
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe:
That sin doth ten times aggravate itself
That is committed in a holy place:
An evil deed, done by authority,
Is sin and subornation: Deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge,
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:

That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds;

192

War.

And every glory that inclines to sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.
So leave I, with my blessing in thy bosom;
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convert'st from honour's golden name
To the black faction of bed-blotting shame! [*Exit.*

Cou.

I'll follow thee: And, when my mind turns so,
My body sink my soul in endless woe! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter* DERBY *and* AUDLEY, *meeting.

Der.

Thrice noble Audley, well encounter'd here:
How is it with our sovereign, and his peers?

Aud.

'Tis full a fortnight, since I saw his highness,
What time he sent me forth to muster men;
Which I accordingly have done, and bring them
In fair array before his majesty.
What news, my lord of Derby, from the emperor?

Der.

As good as we desire: the emperor
Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid;
And makes our king lieutenant general,
In all his lands and large dominions:
Then via for the spacious bounds of France!

Aud.

What, doth his highness leap to hear these news?

Der.

I have not yet found time to open them;
The king is in his closet, malecontent,
For what, I know not, but he gave in charge,
Till after dinner, none should interrupt him:
The Countess Salisbury, and her father Warwick,
Artois, and all, look underneath the brows.

Aud.

Undoubtedly, then something is amiss.

[*Trumpet within.*

Der.

The trumpets sound; the king is now abroad.

***Enter* EDWARD.**

Der.

Befall my sovereign all my sovereign's wish!

Edw.

Ah, that thou wert a witch, to make it so!

193

Der.

The emperor greeteth you: [*Presenting letters.*

Edw.

[Aside.] 'Would it were the countess!

Der.

And hath accorded to your highness' suit.

Edw.

[Aside.] Thou liest, she hath not; but I would, she had!

Aud.

All love, and duty, to my lord the king!

Edw.

[Aside.] Well, all but one is none:—What news with you?

Aud.

I have, my liege, levy'd those horse and foot,
According to your charge, and brought them hither.

Edw.

Then let those foot trudge hence upon those horse,
According to our discharge, and be gone.—
Derby, I'll look upon the countess' mind
Anon.

Der.

The countess' mind, my liege?

Edw.

I mean the emperor: Leave me alone.

Aud.

What's in his mind?

Der.

Let's leave him to his humour.

[*Exeunt* DERBY *and* AUDLEY.

Edw.

Thus from the heart's abundance speaks the tongue;
Countess for emperor: And, indeed, why not?
She is as imperator over me;
And I to her
Am as a kneeling vassal, that observes
The pleasure, or displeasure, of her eye.—

***Enter* LODOWICK.**

Edw.

What says the more than Cleopatra's match
To Cæsar now, Lodowick?

Lod.

That yet, my liege,
Ere night she will resolve your majesty. [*Drum within.*

Edw.

What drum is this, that thunders forth this march,

To start the tender Cupid in my bosom?
Poor sheep-skin, how it brawls with him that beateth it!
Go, break the thundring parchment bottom out,
And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines
Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph:
For I will use it as my writing-paper;
And so reduce him, from a scolding drum,
To be the herald, and dear counsel-bearer,

194

Edw.

Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king.
Go, bid the drummer learn to touch the lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum;
For now we think it an uncivil thing,
To trouble heaven with such harsh resounds:
[*Exit* LODOWICK.

Edw.

The quarrel, that I have, requires no arms,
But these of mine; and these shall meet my foe
In a deep march of penetrable groans:
My eyes shall be my arrows; and my sighs
Shall serve me as the vantage of the wind,
To whirl away my sweet'st artillery.

***Re-enter* LODOWICK.**

Lod.

My liege, the drum, that struck the lusty march,
Stands with Prince Edward, your thrice valiant son.

Enter* PRINCE. LODOWICK *retires.

Edw.

[Aside.] I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,

And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye.
Now, boy, what news?

Pri.

I have assembled, father,
The choicest buds of all our English blood,
For our affairs to France; and here we come,
To take direction from your majesty.

Edw.

[Aside.] Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage; those his eyes are hers,
Who, looking wistly on me, make me blush;
For faults against themselves give evidence:
Lust is a fire; and men, like lanthorns, show
Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
Away, loose silks of wavering vanity!
Shall the large limit of fair Britany
By me be overthrown? and shall I not
Master this little mansion of myself?
Give me an armour of eternal steel;
I go to conquer kings: and shall I then
Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend?

195

Edw.

It must not be.—Come, boy, forward, advance!
Let's with our colours sweep the air of France.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod.

My liege, the countess, with a smiling cheer,
Desires access unto your majesty.

Edw.

Why, there it goes! that very smile of hers
Hath ransom'd captive France; and set the king,

The dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.—
Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends. [*Exit* PRINCE.
Go, fetch the countess hither in thy hand,
And let her chase away those winter clouds;
For she gives beauty both to heaven and earth.
[*Exit* LODOWICK.
The sin is more, to hack and hew poor men,
Than to embrace, in an unlawful way,
The register of all fair rarities
Since leathern Adam till this youngest hour.

***Re-enter* LODOWICK, *with the* COUNTESS.**

Edw.
Go, Lodowick, put thy hand into my purse,
Play, spend, give, riot, waste; do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence a while, and leave me here.
[*Exit* LODOWICK.
Now, my soul's playfellow! and art thou come,
To speak the more than heavenly word of yea,
To my objection in thy beauteous love?
Cou.
My father on his blessing hath commanded—
Edw.
That thou shalt yield.
Cou.
Ay, dear my liege, your due.
Edw.
And that, my dearest love, can be no less
Than right for right, and tender love for love.
Cou.
Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for hate.—
But, sith I see your majesty so bent,
That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
Your high estate, nor no respect respected

Can be my help, but that your mightiness
Will overbear and awe these dear regards,—
I bind my discontent to my content,

196

Cou.

And, what I would not, I'll compel I will;
Provided that yourself remove those lets
That stand between your highness' love and mine.

Edw.

Name them, fair countess, and, by heaven, I will.

Cou.

It is their lives, that stand between our love,
That I would have chok'd up, my sovereign.

Edw.

Whose lives, my lady?

Cou.

My thrice loving liege,
My wedded husband Salisbury, and your queen;
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow but by their death.

Edw.

Thy opposition is beyond our law.

Cou.

And so is your desire: If the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other:
I cannot think you love me as you say,
Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

Edw.

No more; thy husband and the queen shall die.
Fairer thou art by far than Hero was;
Beardless Leander not so strong as I:
He swam an easy current for his love;

But I will, through a helly spout of blood,
Arrive at Sestos where my Hero lies.

Cou.

Nay, you'll do more; you'll make the river too,
With their heart-bloods that keep our love asunder,
Of which, my husband, and your wife, are twain.

Edw.

Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence, that they shall die;
Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.

Cou.

O perjur'd beauty! more corrupted judge!
When, to the great star-chamber o'er our heads,
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.

Edw.

What says my fair love? is she resolute?

Cou.

Resolv'd to be dissolv'd; and, therefore, this,—
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.
[*Turning suddenly upon him, and showing two daggers.*
Here by my side do hang my wedding knives:
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,

Cou.

And learn by me to find her where she lies;
And with this other I'll dispatch my love,
Which now lies fast asleep within my heart:
When they are gone, then I'll consent to love.
Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me;
My resolution is more nimbler far,

Than thy prevention can be in my rescue,
And, if thou stir, I strike; therefore stand still,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to:
Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
And never henceforth to solicit me;
Or else, by heaven, [*kneeling*], this sharp-pointed knife
Shall stain thy earth with that which thou wouldst stain,
My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
Or I will strike, and die, before thee here.

Edw.

Even by that Power I swear, that gives me now
The power to be ashamed of myself,
I never mean to part my lips again
In any word that tends to such a suit.
Arise, true English lady! whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
The vain endeavour of so many pens:
Arise; and be my fault thy honour's fame,
Which after-ages shall enrich thee with.
I am awakéd from this idle dream. [*Exit* COUNTESS.
Warwick, my son, Derby, Artois, and Audley,
Brave warriors all, where are you all this while?

Enter* PRINCE *and Lords.

Edw.

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north:—
You, Prince of Wales, and Audley, straight to sea;
Scour to New-haven; some, there stay for me:—
Myself, Artois, and Derby, will through Flanders,
To greet our friends there, and to crave their aid:
This night will scarce suffice me, to discover
My folly's siege against a faithful lover;
For, ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky,

We'll wake him with our martial harmony. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Coast of Flanders. The French King's Tent.*

Enter* KING JOHN OF FRANCE; *his two sons,* CHARLES, *Duke of Normandy, and* PHILIP; DUKE OF LORRAIN, *and others.

Joh.

Here, till our navy, of a thousand sail,
Have made a breakfast to our foe by sea,
Let us encamp, to wait their happy speed.—
Lorrain, what readiness is Edward in?
How hast thou heard that he provided is
Of martial furniture for this exploit?

Lor.

To lay aside unnecessary soothing,
And not to spend the time in circumstance,
'Tis bruited for a certainty, my lord,
That he's exceeding strongly fortify'd;
His subjects flock as willingly to war,
As if unto a triumph they were led.

Cha.

England was wont to harbour malecontents,
Blood-thirsty and seditious Catilines,
Spend-thrifts, and such as gape for nothing else
But change and alteration of the state;
And is it possible, that they are now
So loyal in themselves?

Lor.

All but the Scot; who solemnly protests,

As heretofore I have inform'd your grace,
Never to sheath his sword, or take a truce.

Joh.

Ah, that's the anchorage of some better hope!
But, on the other side; to think what friends
King Edward hath retain'd in Netherland,
Among those ever-bibbing epicures,
Those frothy Dutchmen, puff'd with double beer,
That drink and swill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire;
Besides, we hear, the emperor conjoins,

199

Joh.

And stalls him in his own authority:
But, all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reaps the victory.
Some friends have we, beside domestic power;
The stern Polonian, and the warlike Dane,
The king of Bohemia, and of Sicily,
Are all become confederates with us,
And, as I think, are marching hither apace. [*Drum within.*
But, soft, I hear the music of their drums,
By which I guess that their approach is near.

Enter* BOHEMIA, *and Forces.

Boh.

King John of France, as league, and neighbourhood
Requires, when friends are any way distress'd,
I come to aid thee with my country's force.
And from great Moscow, fearful to the Turk,
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men,
I bring these servitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

Joh.

Welcome, Bohemian king; and welcome, all:
This your great kindness I will not forget;
Beside your plentiful rewards in crowns,
That from our treasury ye shall receive,
There comes a hare-brain'd nation, deck'd in pride,
The spoil of whom will be a treble game.—
And now my hope is full, my joy complete:
At sea, we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon in the haven of Troy;
By land, with Xerxes we compare of strength,
Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst:
Then, Bayard-like, blind over-weening Ned,
To reach at our imperial diadem,
Is, either to be swallow'd of the waves,
Or hack'd apieces when thou comest ashore.

***Enter a* Mariner.**

Mar.

Near to the coast I have descry'd, my lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud armado of King Edward's ships:
Which, at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd as it were a grove of wither'd pines;

200

But, drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming ensigns wrought of colour'd silk,
Like to a meadow full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth:
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the hornéd circle of the moon:
On the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,

The arms of England and of France united
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus, tightly carry'd with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

Joh.

Dare he already crop the flower-de-luce?
I hope, the honey being gather'd thence,
He'll suck forth deadly venom from the leaves.—
But where's our navy? how are they prepar'd
To wing themselves against this flight of ravens?

Mar.

They, having knowledge brought them by the scouts,
Did break from anchor straight; and, puff'd with rage,
No otherwise than were their sails with wind,
Made forth; as when the empty eagle flies,
To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

Joh.

There's for thy news. Return unto thy bark;
And, if thou 'scape the bloody stroke of war,
And do survive the conflict, come again,
And let us hear the manner of the fight.— [*Exit Mariner.*
Mean space, my lords, 'tis best we be dispers'd,
To several places, lest they chance to land:
First, you, my lord, with your Bohemian troops,
Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand;
My eldèst son, the Duke of Normandy,
Together with this aid of Muscovites,
Shall climb the higher ground another way;
Here in the middle coast, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngest boy, and I will lodge.
So, lords, be gone, and look unto your charge;
You stand for France, an empire fair and large.—
[*Exeunt* CHA., LOR., BOHEMIA*, and Forces.*
Now tell me, Philip, what is thy conceit,

Touching the challenge that the English make?

201

Phi.

I say, my lord, claim Edward what he can,
And bring he ne'er so plain a pedigree,
'Tis you are in possession of the crown,
And that's the surest point of all the law:
But, were it not; yet, ere he should prevail,
I'll make a conduit of my dearest blood,
Or chase those straggling upstarts home again.

Joh.

Well said, young Philip! Call for bread and wine,
That we may cheer our stomachs with repast,
To look our foes more sternly in the face.
[*Provisions brought in.* *Ordnance afar off.*
Now is begun the heavy day at sea.
Fight, Frenchmen, fight; be like the field of bears,
When they defend their younglings in their caves!
Steer, angry Nemesis, the happy helm;
That, with the sulphur battles of your rage,
The English fleet may be dispers'd, and sunk!
[*Ordnance again.*

Phi.

O father, how this echoing cannon shot,
Like sweetest harmony, digests my cates!

Joh.

Now, boy, thou hear'st what thundring terror 'tis.
To buckle for a kingdom's sovereignty:
The earth, with giddy trembling when it shakes,
Or when the exhalations of the air
Break in extremity of lightning flash,
Affrights not more, than kings, when they dispose
To show the rancour of their high-swoln hearts.

[*Retreat heard.*

Retreat is sounded; one side hath the worse:
O, if it be the French!—Sweet fortune, turn;
And, in thy turning, change the froward winds,
That, with advantage of a favouring sky,
Our men may vanquish, and the other fly!

***Enter* Mariner.**

My heart misgives:—Say, mirror of pale death,
To whom belongs the honour of this day?
Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serve,
The sad discourse of this discomfiture.

Mar.

My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'n the foil,

Mar.

And boasting Edward triumphs with success.
These iron-hearted navies,
When last I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry spleen, of hope, and fear,
Hasting to meet each other in the face,
At last conjoin'd; and by their admiral
Our admiral encounter'd many shot.
Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night;
And darkness did as well enclose the quick,
As those that were but newly reft of life:
No leisure serv'd for friends to bid farewell;
And, if it had, the hideous noise was such,
As each to other seemed deaf, and dumb:
Purple the sea; whose channel fill'd as fast
With streaming gore, that from the maiméd fell,
As did her gushing moisture break into
The cranny'd cleftures of the through-shot planks:

Here flew a head, dissever'd from the trunk;
There mangled arms, and legs, were toss'd aloft;
As when a whirlwind takes the summer dust,
And scatters it in middle of the air;
Then might ye see the reeling vessels split,
And tottering sink into the ruthless flood,
Until their lofty tops were seen no more.
Much did the *Nonpareille*, that brave ship;
So did the *Black-snake* of Boulogne, than which
A bonnier vessel never yet spread sail:
But all in vain; both sun, the wind and tide,
Revoted all unto our foemen's side,
That we perforce were fain to give them way,
And they are landed: Thus my tale is done;
We have untimely lost, and they have won.

Joh.

Then rests there nothing, but, with present speed,
To join our several forces all in one,
And bid them battle, ere they range too far.—
Come, gentle Philip, let us hence depart;
This soldier's words have pierc'd thy father's heart.

SCENE II.—*Picardy. Fields near Cressy.*

Enter* a Frenchman, *meeting certain others, a* Woman *and two* Children, *laden with household-stuff.

First F.

Well met, my masters: how now? what's the news?
And wherefore are you laden thus with stuff?
What, is it quarter-day, that you remove,
And carry with you bag and baggage too?

Sec. F.

Ay, quarter-day, and quartering day, I fear:
Have you not heard the news that flies abroad?

First F.

What news?

Third F.

How the French navy is destroy'd,
And that the English army is arriv'd.

First F.

What then?

Sec. F.

What then? why, is't not time to fly,
When enemy and destruction is so nigh?

First F.

Content thee, man; they are far enough from hence;
And will be met, I warrant you, to their cost,
Before they break so far into the realm.

Sec. F.

Ay, so the grasshopper doth spend the time
In mirthful jollity, till winter come;
And then too late he would redeem his time,
When frozen cold hath nipp'd his careless head.
He, that no sooner will provide a cloak,
Than when he sees it doth begin to rain,
May, peradventure, for his negligence,
Be throughly wash'd when he suspects it not.

First F.

Belike, you then despair of all success,
And think your country will be subjugate.

Third F.

We cannot tell; 'tis good, to fear the worst.

First F.

Yet rather fight, than, like unnatural sons,
Forsake your loving parents in distress.

Sec. F.

Tush, they, that have already taken arms,
Are many fearful millions, in respect
Of that small handful of our enemies:
But ‘tis a rightful quarrel must prevail;
Edward is son unto our late king’s sister,
Where John Valois is three degrees remov’d.

Wom.

Besides, there goes a prophesy abroad,

Publish’d by one that was a friar once,
Whose oracles have many times prov’d true;
And now he says, “The time will shortly come,
Whenas a lion, roused in the west,
Shall carry hence the flower-de-luce of France:”
These, I can tell ye, and such like surmises
Strike many Frenchmen cold unto the heart.

Enter another **Frenchman,** ***hastily.***

Fourth F.

Fly, countrymen, and citizens of France!
Sweet-flow’ring peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon’d and expuls’d the land:
Instead of whom, ransack-constraining war
Sits raven-like upon your houses’ tops;
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
And, unrestrain’d, make havoc as they pass:
The form whereof even now myself beheld,
Now, upon this fair mountain, whence I came.
For so far off as I direct mine eyes,
I might perceive five cities all on fire,
Corn-fields, and vineyards, burning like an oven;
And, as the reeking vapour in the wind
Turned aside, I likewise might discern

The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame,
Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes.
Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
Do tread the measures of their tragic march;
Upon the right hand comes the conquering king,
Upon the left his hot unbridled son,
And in the midst our nation's glittering host;
All which, though distant, yet conspire in one
To leave a desolation where they come.
Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise,
Seek out some habitation further off:
Here if you stay, your wives will be abus'd,
Your treasure shar'd before your weeping eyes;
Shelter yourselves, for now the storm doth rise;
Away, away! methinks, I hear their drums:—
Ah, wretched France, I greatly fear thy fall;
Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall. [*Exeunt.*

205

Drums. Enter **KING EDWARD,** ***marching;*** **DERBY,** ***and Forces, and*** **GOBIN DE GREY.**

Edw.
Where is the Frenchman, by whose cunning guidance
We found the shallow of this river Somme,
And had direction how to pass the sea?

Gob.
Here, my good lord.

Edw.
How art thou call'd? thy name?

Gob.
Gobin de Grey, if please your excellence.

Edw.
Then, Gobin, for the service thou hast done,

We here enlarge and give thee liberty;
And, for a recompense, beside this good,
Thou shalt receive five hundred marks in gold.—
I know not how, we should have met our son;
Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

***Enter* ARTOIS.**

Art.

Good news, my lord; the prince is hard at hand,
And with him comes Lord Audley, and the rest,
Whom since our landing we could never meet.

Drums. Enter* PRINCE, AUDLEY, *and Forces.

Edw.

Welcome, fair prince! How hast thou sped, my son,
Since thy arrival on the coast of France?

Pri.

Successfully, I thank the gracious heavens;
Some of their strongest cities we have won,
And others wasted; leaving at our heels
A wide apparent field, and beaten path,
For solitariness to progress in;
Yet, those that would submit, we kindly pardon'd;
But who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace,
Indur'd the penalty of sharp revenge.

Edw.

Ah, France, why shouldst thou be thus obstinate
Against the kind embracement of thy friends?
How gently had we thought to touch thy breast,
And set our foot upon thy tender mould,
But that, in froward and disdainful pride,

Thou, like a skittish and untaméd colt,

Dost start aside, and strike us with thy heels?—
But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course
Hast thou not seen the usurping King of France?

Pri.

Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,
With full an hundred thousand fighting men,
Upon the one side o' the river's bank,
I on the other; with his multitudes
I fear'd he would have cropp'd our smaller power:
But, happily, perceiving your approach,
He hath withdrawn himself to Cressy plains;
Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.

Edw.

He shall be welcome, that's the thing we crave.
And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou fought'st in pitchéd field,
As ancient custom is of martialists,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms:—
Come, therefore, heralds, orderly bring forth
A strong attirement for the prince my son.—

Flourish. Enter four **Heralds,** ***bringing a coat-armour, a helmet, a lance, and a shield:*** **First Herald** ***delivers the armour to*** **KING EDWARD;** ***who puts it on his son.***

Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this armour I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude,
That never base affections enter there;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comest!—
Now follow, lords, and do him honour too.

Der.

[*Receiving the helmet from the second Herald.*]
Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,
As I do set this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenc'd,
So may thy temples, with Bellona's hand,
Be still adorn'd with laurel victory;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comest!

207

Aud.

[*Receiving the lance from the third Herald.*]
Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,
Receive this lance, into thy manlike hand;
Use it in fashion of a brazen pen,
To draw forth bloody stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honour's book;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comest!

Art.

[*Receiving the shield from the fourth Herald.*]
Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,
Hold, take this target, wear it on thy arm;
And may the view thereof, like Perseus' shield,
Astonish and transform thy gazing foes
To senseless images of meagre death;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comest!

Edw.

Now wants there nought but knighthood; which, deferr'd,
We leave, till thou hast won it in the field.

Pri.

My gracious father, and ye forward peers,
This honour, you have done me, animates
And cheers my green yet-scarce-appearing strength
With comfortable good-presaging signs;
No otherwise than did old Jacob's words,

Whenas he breath'd his blessings on his sons:
These hallow'd gifts of yours when I prophane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherless, and poor,
Or for the benefit of England's peace,
Be numb my joints! wax feeble both mine arms!
Wither my heart! that, like a sapless tree,
I may remain the map of infamy.

Edw.

Then thus our steeled battles shall be rang'd;—
The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine;
To dignify whose lusty spirit the more,
We temper it with Audley's gravity;
That, courage and experience join'd in one,
Your manage may be second unto none:
For the main battles, I will guide myself;
And, Derby, in the rearward march behind.
That orderly dispos'd, and set in 'ray,
Let us to horse; and God grant us the day!

SCENE III.—*The French Camp. Cressy.*

Alarums. ***Enter*** **Frenchmen,** ***flying;*** **English,** ***pursuing;***
and Exeunt: ***then enter*** **KING JOHN,** ***and*** **LORRAIN**

Joh.

O Lorrain, say, what mean our men to fly?
Our number is far greater than our foes.

Lor.

The garrison of Genoese, my lord,
That came from Paris, weary with their march,
Grudging to be so suddenly employ'd,
No sooner in the fore-front took their place,

But, straight retiring, so dismay'd the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight;
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clust'ring throng are press'd to death
Than by the enemy, a thousand fold.

Joh.

O hapless fortune! Let us yet assay
If we can counsel some of them to stay.
Lords, and my loving subjects, now's the time,
That your intended force must bide the touch:
Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief,—
He, that you fight for, is your natural king;
He, against whom you fight, a foreigner:
He, that you fight for, rules in clemency,
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit;
He, against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Make slaves of you, and, with a heavy hand,
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.
Then, to protect your country, and your king,
Let but the haughty courage of your hearts
Answer the number of your able hands,
And we shall quickly chase these fugitives.
For what's this Edward, but a belly-god,
A tender and lascivious wantonness,
That t'other day was almost dead for love?
And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard?
Such as, but scant them of their chines of beef,
And take away their downy feather-beds,
And, presently, they are as resty-stiff

As 'twere a many over-ridden jades.
Then, Frenchmen, scorn that such should be your lords,

And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

Fre.

Vive le roi! God save King John of France!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Cressy.* *The Summit of a Hill.*

Alarums. ***Enter*** **KING EDWARD,** ***and*** **AUDLEY.**

Edw.

Lord Audley, whiles our son is in the chase,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill,
And here a season let us breathe ourselves.

Aud.

I will, my lord. [*Exit* AUDLEY. *Retreat.*

Edw.

Just-dooming heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is unscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day giv'n way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves?

Enter **ARTOIS,** ***hastily.***

Art.

Rescue, King Edward! rescue for thy son!

Edw.

Rescue, Artois? what, is he prisoner?
Or, else, by violence fell beside his horse?

Art.

Neither, my lord; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As 'tis impossible that he should escape,
Except your highness presently descend.

Edw.

Tut, let him fight; we gave him arms to-day,
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter* DERBY, *hastily.

Der.

The prince, my lord, the prince! O, succour him;
He's close encompass'd with a world of odds!

Edw.

Then will he win a world of honour too,
If he by valour can redeem him thence.

Re-enter* AUDLEY, *hastily.

Aud.

Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my soldiers where I may relieve

210

Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults,
Franticly rends, and bites the woven toil;
But all in vain, he cannot free himself.

Edw.

Audley, content; I will not have a man,
On pain of death, sent forth to succour him:
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his green courage with those thoughts,
That, if he breathe out Nestor's years on earth,
Will make him savour still of this exploit.

Der.

Ah! but he shall not live to see those days.

Edw.

Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise.

Aud.

Yet, good my lord, ‘tis too much wilfulness,
To let his blood be spilt, that may be sav’d.

Edw.

Exclaim no more; for none of you can tell,
Whether a borrow’d aid will serve, or no;
Perhaps, he is already slain, or ta’en:
And dare a falcon when she’s in her flight,
And ever after she’ll be haggard-like:
Let Edward be deliver’d by our hands,
And still, in danger, he’ll expect the like;
But if himself himself redeem from thence,
He will have vanquish’d, cheerful, death and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more,
Than if they were but babes, or captive slaves.

Aud.

O cruel father! Farewell, Edward, then!

Der.

Farewell, sweet prince, the hope of chivalry!

Art.

O, would my life might ransom him from death!

Edw.

But, soft; methinks, I hear [*Retreat sounded.*
The dismal charge of trumpets’ loud retreat:
All are not slain, I hope, that went with him:
Some will return with tidings, good, or bad.

Flourish. Enter* PRINCE EDWARD *in triumph, bearing in his hand his shivered lance; his sword, and battered armour, borne before him, and the body of the* KING OF BOHEMIA, *wrapped in the colours: Lords run and embrace him.

Aud.

O joyful sight! victorious Edward lives!

Der.

Welcome, brave prince!

Edw.

Welcome, Plantagenet! [*Embracing him.*

Pri.

First having done my duty, as beseem'd.
[*Kneels, and kisses his father's hand.*
Lords, I regreet you all with hearty thanks.
And, now, behold,—after my winter's toil,
My painful voyage on the boist'rous sea
Of war's devouring gulphs and steely rocks,—
I bring my fraught unto the wishéd port,
My summer's hope, my travel's sweet reward:
And here, with humble duty, I present
This sacrifice, this first fruit of my sword,
Cropp'd and cut down even at the gate of death,
The King of Bohemia, father, whom I slew;
Whose thousands had intrench'd me round about,
And lay as thick upon my batter'd crest,
As on an anvil, with their pond'rous glaives:
Yet marble courage still did underprop:
And when my weary arms, with often blows,—
Like the continual-lab'ring woodman's axe,
That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks,—
Began to falter, straight I would remember
My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow,
And then new courage made me fresh again;
That, in despite, I carv'd my passage forth,
And put the multitude to speedy flight.
Lo, thus hath Edward's hand fill'd your request,
And done, I hope, the duty of a knight.

Edw.

Ay, well thou hast deserv'd a knighthood, Ned!

And, therefore, with thy sword, yet reeking warm
[*Receiving it from the soldier who bore it,*
and laying it on the kneeling PRINCE.
With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,
Arise, Prince Edward, trusty knight at arms:
This day thou hast confounded me with joy,
And prov'd thyself fit heir unto a king.

Pri.

Here is a note, my gracious lord, of those
That in this conflict of our foes were slain.

Edw.

Our God be prais'd! Now, John of France, I hope,
Thou know'st King Edward for no wantonness,

212

No love-sick cockney; nor his soldiers, jades.—
But which way is the fearful king escap'd?

Pri.

Towards Poitiers, noble father, and his sons.

Edw.

Ned, thou, and Audley, shall pursue them still;
Myself, and Derby, will to Calais straight,
And there begirt that haven-town with siege:
Now lies it on an upshot; therefore strike,
And wistly follow while the game's on foot. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The English Camp near Poitiers.*

Enter* PRINCE EDWARD, AUDLEY, *and others.

Pri.

Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,

And comfort have we none, save that to die,
We pay sour earnest for a sweeter life.
At Cressy field our clouds of warlike smoke
Chok'd up those French moths, and dissever'd them:
But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking as 'twere, the beauteous burning sun;
Leaving no hope to us, but sullen dark,
And eyeless terror of all-ending night.

Aud.

This sudden, mighty, and expedient head,
That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
Before us in the valley lies the king,
Vantag'd with all that heaven and earth can yield;
His party stronger battled than our whole:
His son, the braving Duke of Normandy,
Hath trimm'd the mountain on our right hand up
In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shows like a silver quarry, or an orb;
Aloft the which, the banners, bannerets,
And new-replenish'd pendants, cuff the air,
And beat the wind, that, for their gaudiness,
Struggles to kiss them: on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger issue of the king,
Coating the other hill in such array,

213

That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
Strait trees of gold, the pendant streamers, leaves;
And their device of antique heraldry,
Quarter'd in colours seeming sundry fruits,
Makes it the orchard of the Hesperides:
Behind us too the hill doth bear his height,
(For, like a half-moon, op'ning but one way,
It rounds us in) there at our backs are lodg'd

The fatal cross-bows; and the battle there
Is govern'd by the rough Chatillion.
Then thus it stands,—The valley for our flight
The king binds in; the hills on either hand
Are proudly royalizéd by his sons;
And on the hill behind stands certain death,
In pay and service with Chatillion.

Pri.

Death's name is much more mighty than his deeds.
Thy parcelling this power hath made it more
Than all the world; then call it but a power.
As many sands as these my hands can hold,
Are but my handful of so many sands,
Easily ta'en up, and quickly thrown away:
But, if I stand to count them sand by sand,
The number would confound my memory,
And make a thousand millions of a task,
Which, briefly, is no more indeed, than one.
These quarters, squadrons, and these regiments,
Before, behind us, and on either hand,
Are but a power: When we name a man,
His hand, his foot, his head, have several strengths;
And being all but one self instant strength,
Why, all this many, Audley, is but one,
And we can call it all but one man's strength.
He, that hath far to go, tells it by miles;
If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart:
The drops are infinite, that make a flood;
And yet, thou know'st, we call it but a rain.
There is but one France, and one king of France,
That France hath no more kings; and that same king
Hath but the puissant legion of one king;
And we have one: Then apprehend no odds;
For one to one is fair equality.—

***Enter a* Herald.**

What tidings, messenger? be plain, and brief.

Her.

The king of France, my sovereign lord and master,
Greets thus by me his foe the Prince of Wales:
If thou call forth an hundred men of name,
Of lords, knights, squires, and English gentlemen,
And with thyself and those kneel at his feet,
He straight will fold his bloody colours up,
And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited:
If not, this day shall drink more English blood
Than e'er was bury'd in your British earth.
What is the answer to his proffer'd mercy?

Pri.

This heaven, that covers France, contains the mercy
That draws from me submissive orisons;
That such base breath should vanish from my lips,
To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid! Return, and tell thy king,
My tongue is made of steel, and it shall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet;
Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English arms as strong,
Return him my defiance in his face.

[*Exit Herald.*

***Enter another* Herald.**

Pri.

What news with thee?

Her.

The Duke of Normandy,
Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,

By me hath sent a nimble-jointed jennet,
As swift as ever yet thou didst bestride,
And therewithal he counsels thee to fly;
Else, death himself hath sworn, that thou shalt die.

Pri.

Back with the beast unto the beast that sent him;
Tell him, I cannot sit a coward's horse:
Bid him to-day bestride the jade himself;
For I will stain my horse quite o'er with blood,
And double-gild my spurs, but I will catch him;
So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone. [*Exit Herald.*

215

Enter another **Herald.**

Her.

Edward of Wales, Philip, the second son
To the most mighty Christian king of France,
Seeing thy body's living date expir'd,
All full of charity and Christian love,
Commends this holy book, full fraught with prayers,
To thy fair hand, and, for thy hour of life,
Intreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arm thy soul for her long journey forward.
Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

Pri.

Herald of Philip, greet thy lord from me;
All good, that he can send, I can receive:
But think'st thou not, the unadviséd boy
Hath wrong'd himself, in thus far tend'ring me?
Haply, he cannot pray without the book;
I think him no divine extemporal:
Then render back this common-place of prayer,
To do himself good in adversity;

Besides, he knows not my sin's quality,
And therefore knows no prayers for my avail;
Ere night his prayer may be, to pray to God
To put it in my heart to hear his prayer;
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

[*Exit Herald.*

How confident their strength and number makes them!—
Now, Audley, sound those silver strings of thine,
And let those milk-white messengers of time
Show thy mind's learning in this dangerous time.
Thyself art bruis'd and bit with many broils,
And stratagems forepast with iron pens
Are texted in thine honourable face;
Thou art a marry'd man in this distress,
But danger woos me as a blushing maid:
Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

Aud.

To die is all as common, as to live;
The one in choice, the other holds in chase:
For, from the instant we begin to live,
We do pursue and hunt the time to die:
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed;
Then, presently, we fall; and as a shade

Follows the body, so we follow death.
If then we hunt for death, why do we fear it?
Or, if we fear it, why do we follow it?
If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner:
If we fear not, then no resolvéd proffer
Can overthrow the limit of our fate:
For, whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,
As we do draw the lottery of our doom.

Pri.

Ah, good old man, a thousand thousand armours
These words of thine have buckled on my back:
Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears! and how disgrac'd
The imperial victory of murd'ring death!
Since all the lives his conquering arrows strike
Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.
I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death;
Since for to live is but to seek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life:
Let come the hour when He that rules it will!
To live, or die, I hold indifferent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hill near Poitiers. The French King's Tent.*

***Enter* KING JOHN *and* CHARLES.**

Joh.

Come, Charles, and arm thee; Edward is entrapp'd,
The Prince of Wales is fall'n into our hands,
And we have compass'd him, he cannot 'scape.

Cha.

But will your highness fight to-day?

Joh.

What else, my son? he's scarce eight thousand strong,
And we are threescore thousand at the least.

Cha.

I have a prophecy, my gracious lord,
Wherein is written, what success is like
To happen us in this outrageous war;
It was deliver'd me at Cressy field,
By one that is an aged hermit there. [*Reads.*

”When feather’d fowl shall make thine army tremble,
And flint stones rise, and break the battle ‘ray,
Then think on him that doth not now dissemble;
For that shall be the hapless dreadful day:
Yet, in the end, thy foot thou shalt advance
As far in England, as thy foe in France.”

Joh.

By this it seems we shall be fortunate:
For as it is impossible, that stones
Should ever rise, and break the battle ‘ray;
Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake;
So is it like, we shall not be subdu’d:
Or, say this might be true, yet, in the end,
Since he doth promise, we shall drive him hence,
And forage their country, as they have done ours;
By this revenge that loss will seem the less.
But all are frivolous fancies, toys, and dreams:
Once, we are sure we have ensnar’d the son,
Catch we the father after how we can.

Noise within. ***Enter a French Captain, with*** **SALISBURY,** ***prisoner.***

Cap.

Behold, my liege, this knight, and forty more,—
Of whom the better part are slain and fled,—
With all endeavour sought to break our ranks,
And make their way to the encompass’d prince;
Dispose of him as please your majesty.

Joh.

Go, and the next bough, soldier, that thou see’st,
Disgrace it with his body presently:
For I do hold a tree in France too good
To be the gallows of an English thief.

Sal.

My lord of Normandy, I have your pass
And warrant for my safety through this land.

Cha.

And it is current, thou shalt freely pass.

Joh.

Ay, freely to the gallows to be hang'd,
Without denial, or impediment:—
Away with him.

Cha.

I hope, your highness will not so disgrace me,
And dash the virtue of my seal at arms:
He hath my never-broken name to show,
Character'd with this princely hand of mine;

And rather let me leave to be a prince,
Than break the stable verdict of a prince:
I do beseech you, let him pass in quiet.

Joh.

Thou and thy word lie both in my command;
What canst thou promise, that I cannot break?
Which of these twain is greater infamy,
To disobey thy father, or thyself?
Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power;
Nor that same man doth never break his word,
That keeps it to the utmost of his power:
The breach of faith dwells in the soul's consent;
Which if thyself without consent do break,
Thou art not chargéd with the breach of faith.—
Go, hang him; for thy licence lies in me:
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

Cha.

What, am I not a soldier in my word?
Then, arms adieu, and let them fight that list:

Shall I not give my girdle from my waist,
But with a guardian I shall be control'd,
To say, I may not give my things away?
Upon my soul, had Edward Prince of Wales,
Engag'd his word, writ down his noble hand,
For all your knights to pass his father's land,
The royal king, to grace his warlike son,
Would not alone safe-conduct give to them,
But with all bounty feasted them and theirs.

Joh.

Dwell'st thou on precedents? Then be it so.—
Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art?

Sal.

An earl in England, though a prisoner here;
And those, that know me, call me Salisbury.

Joh.

Then, Salisbury, say, whither art thou bound?

Sal.

To Calais, where my liege, King Edward, is.

Joh.

To Calais, Salisbury? Then to Calais pack;
And bid the king prepare a noble grave,
To put his princely son, black Edward, in.
And as thou travel'st westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill,
Whose top seems topless, for the embracing sky
Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom;
Unto whose tall top when thy foot attains,
Look back upon the humble vale below,

(Humble of late, but now made proud with arms)
And thence behold the wretched Prince of Wales,
Hoop'd with a band of iron round about.

After which sight, to Calais spur amain,
And say, the prince was smother'd, and not slain:
And tell the king, this is not all his ill;
For I will greet him, ere he thinks I will.
Away, be gone; the smoke but of our shot
Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not.
[*Exit* CHARLES, SALISBURY*, and Captain.*

It grows dark. **KING JOHN** ***gazes out of the Tent.***

A sudden darkness hath defac'd the sky,
The winds are crept into their caves for fear,
The leaves move not, the wood is hush'd and still,
The birds cease singing, and the wand'ring brooks
Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores;
Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth
That heaven should pronounce some prophecy.

Enter **CHARLES.**

Whence, or from whom, proceeds this silence, Charles?
Our men, with open mouths, and staring eyes,
Look on each other, as they did attend
Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks;
A tongue-ty'd fear hath made a midnight hour,
And speeches sleep through all the waking regions.

Joh.

But now the pompous sun, in all his pride,
Look'd through his golden coach upon the world,
And, on a sudden, hath he hid himself;
That now the under earth is as a grave,
Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable.
[*A clamour of ravens heard.*
Hark! what a deadly outcry do I hear!

Cha.

Here comes my brother Philip. [*Exit* Charles.

Joh.

All dismay'd:-—

***Enter* PHILIP.**

What fearful words are those thy looks presage?

220

Phi.

A flight, a flight!

Joh.

Coward, what flight? thou liest, there needs no flight.

Phi.

A flight!

Joh.

Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
The very substance of that fear indeed,
Which is so ghastly printed in thy face:
What is the matter?

Phi.

A flight of ugly ravens
Do croak and hover o'er our soldiers' heads;
With their approach there came this sudden fog,
Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven,
And made at noon a night unnatural
Upon the quaking and dismayéd world:
In brief, our soldiers have let fall their arms,
And stand like metamorphos'd images,
Bloodless and pale, one gazing on another.

Joh.

Ay, now I call to mind the prophecy;
But I must give no entrance to a fear.—
Return, and hearten up those yielding souls;
Tell them, the ravens, seeing them in arms,—
So many fair against a famish'd few,—

Come but to dine upon their handy-work,
And prey upon the carrion that they kill:
For when we see a horse lay'd down to die,
Although he be not dead, the ravenous birds
Sit watching the departure of his life;
Even so these ravens, for the carcases
Of those poor English, that are mark'd to die,
Hover about, and, if they cry to us,
'Tis but for meat that we must kill for them.
Away, and comfort up my soldiers,
And sound the trumpets; and at once dispatch
This little business of a silly fraud. [*Exit* Philip.

Alarums. ***Sounds of battle.*** **KING JOHN** ***watches anxiously.***

Our multitudes are in themselves confounded,
Dismayéd, and distraught; swift-starting fear
Hath buzz'd a cold dismay through all our army,
And every petty disadvantage prompts
The fear-possesséd abject soul to fly.

221

Enter **CHARLES.**

Cha.

Fly, father, fly! the French do kill the French;
Some, that would stand, let drive at some that fly:
Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,
Our trumpets sound dishonour and retire.

Enter **PHILIP.**

Phi.

Pluck out your eyes, and see not this days' shame!
An arm hath beat an army; one poor David

Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout Goliaths:
Some twenty naked starvelings, with small flints,
Have driven back a puissant host of men.

Cha.

O, that I were some other countryman!
This day hath set derision on the French;
And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.

Joh.

What, is there no hope left?

Phi.

No hope, but death, to bury up our shame.

Joh.

Make up once more with me; the twentieth part
Of those that live, are men enough to quail
The feeble handful on the adverse part.

Cha.

Then charge again: if heaven be not oppos'd,
We cannot lose the day.

Joh.

On, on; away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V

SCENE I.—*The English Camp before Calais.*

Enter* KING EDWARD, *and* DERBY, *with Soldiers.

Edw.

Since they refuse our proffer'd league, my lord,
And will not ope their gates, and let us in,
We will intrench ourselves on every side,
That neither victuals, nor supply of men,
May come to succour this accurséd town;
Famine shall combat where our swords are stopp'd.

Der.

The promis'd aid, that made them stand aloof,
Is now retir'd, and gone another way;
It will repent them of their stubborn will.

Enter some poor **Frenchmen.**

Der.

But what are these poor raggéd slaves, my lord?

Edw.

Ask what they are; it seems, they come from Calais.

Der.

You wretched patterns of despair and woe,
What are ye? living men; or gliding ghosts,
Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth?

First Fre.

No ghosts, my lord, but men that breathe a life
Far worse than is the quiet sleep of death:
We are distresséd poor inhabitants,
That long have been diseaséd, sick, and lame;
And now, because we are not fit to serve,
The captain of the town hath thrust us forth,
That so expense of victuals may be sav'd.

Edw.

A charitable deed, and worthy praise.—
But how do you imagine then to speed?
We are your enemies; in such a case
We can no less but put you to the sword,
Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refus'd.

First Fre.

An if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
As welcome death is unto us as life.

Edw.

Poor silly men, much wrong'd, and more distress'd!—
Go, Derby, go, and see they be reliev'd;
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five crowns apiece:—
[*Exeunt* DERBY *and Frenchmen.*
The lion scorns to touch the yielding prey;
And Edward's sword must flesh itself in such
As wilful stubbornness hath made perverse.—

Enter the* LORD PERCY, *from England.

Edw.

Lord Percy! welcome: what's the news in England?

Per.

The queen, my lord, commends her to your grace;
And from her highness, and the lord vice-gerent,
I bring this happy tidings of success:
David of Scotland, lately up in arms,
(Thinking, belike, he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the realm)

Is, by the faithful service of your peers,
And painful travel of the queen herself,
Vanquish'd, subdu'd, and taken prisoner.

Edw.

Thanks Percy, for thy news, with all my heart!
What was he, took him prisoner in the field?

Per.

A squire, my lord; John Copland is his name:
Who since, entreated by her majesty,
Denies to make surrender of his prize
To any but unto your grace alone;
Whereat the queen is grievously displeas'd.

Edw.

Well, then we'll have a pursuivant dispatch'd,
To summon Copland hither out of hand,
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.

Per.

The queen's, my lord, herself by this at sea;
And purposeth, as soon as wind will serve,
To land at Calais, and to visit you.

Edw.

She shall be welcome; and, to wait her coming,
I'll pitch my tent near to the sandy shore.

Enter a **French Captain.**

Cap.

The burgesses of Calais, mighty king,
Have, by a council, willingly decreed
To yield the town, and castle, to your hands;
Upon condition, it will please your grace
To grant them benefit of life, and goods.

Edw.

They will so! then, belike, they may command,
Dispose, elect, and govern as they list.
No, sirrah, tell them, since they did refuse
Our princely clemency at first proclaim'd,
They shall not have it now, although they would;
I will accept of nought but fire and sword,
Except, within these two hours, six of them,
That are the wealthiest merchants in the town,
Come naked, all but for their linen shirts,
With each a halter hang'd about his neck,
And, prostrate, yield themselves, upon their knees,
To be afflicted, hang'd, or what I please;
And so you may inform their masterships.

[*Exeunt* EDWARD *and* PERCY.

Cap.

Why, this it is to trust a broken staff

224

Had we not been persuaded, John our king
Would with his army have reliev'd the town,
We had not stood upon defiance so:
But now 'tis past that no man can recall;
And better some do go to wreck, than all. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Shouts of joy are heard.*

Enter* KING EDWARD, *with* PHILIPPA *his Queen,* DERBY, *and Soldiers.

Edw.

No more, queen Philippe, pacify yourself;
Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall find displeasure written in our looks.—
And now unto this proud resisting town:
Soldiers, assault; I will no longer stay,
To be deluded by their false delays;
Put all to sword, and make the spoil your own.

Trumpets sound to arms. Enter, from the town, six* Citizens, *in their shirts, with halters about their necks.

Cit.

Mercy, King Edward! mercy, gracious lord!

Edw.

Contemptuous villains! call ye now for truce?
Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootless cries:—
Sound, drums; draw threat'ning swords!

First C.

Ah, noble prince,

Take pity on this town, O mighty king!
We claim the promise that your highness made;
And we are come, with willingness, to bear
What torturing death, or punishment, you please,
So that the trembling multitude be sav'd.

Edw.

My promise? well, I do confess as much:
But I requird the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit;
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us:
No, no, ye cannot overreach us thus.

225

Sec. C.

The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall
Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
Or may our portion be with damnéd fiends.

Edw.

If it be so, then let our covenant stand,
We take possession of the town in peace:
But, for yourselves, look you for no remorse;
But, as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these walls,
And after feel the stroke of quartering steel:
This is your doom;—Go, soldiers, see it done.

Que.

Ah, be more mild unto these yielding men!
It is a glorious thing, to 'stablish peace;
And kings approach the nearest unto God,

By giving life and safety unto men:
As thou intendest to be King of France,
So let her people live to call thee king;
For what the sword cuts down, or fire hath spoil'd,
Is held in reputation none of ours.

Edw.

Although experience teach us this is true,
That peaceful quietness brings most delight
When most of all abuses are control'd,
Yet, insomuch it shall be known, that we
As well can master our affections,
As conquer others by the dint of sword,
Philippe, prevail; we yield to thy request;
These men shall live to boast of clemency,—
And tyranny, strike terror to thyself.

Cit.

Long live your highness! happy be your reign!

Edw.

Go, get you hence, return unto the town:
And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love,
Learn then to reverence Edward as your king.—
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
Now, might we hear of our affairs abroad,
We would, till gloomy winter were o'erspent,
Dispose our men in garrison a while.
But who comes here?

***Enter* COPLAND, *and* KING DAVID.**

Der.

Copland, my lord, and David King of Scots.

226

Edw.

Is this the proud presumptuous squire o' the north,

That would not yield his prisoner to my queen?

Cop.

I am, my liege, a northern squire, indeed,
But neither proud nor insolent, I trust.

Edw.

What mov'd thee then, to be so obstinate
To contradict our royal queen's desire?

Cop.

No wilful disobedience, mighty lord,
But my desert, and public law of arms:
I took the king myself in single fight;
And, like a soldier, would be loth to lose
The least pre-eminence that I had won:
And Copland, straight, upon your highness' charge,
Is come to France, and, with a lowly mind,
Doth vail the bonnet of his victory.
Receive, dread lord, the custom of my fraught,
The wealthy tribute of my labouring hands;
Which should long since have been surrender'd up,
Had but your gracious self been there in place.

Que.

But, Copland, thou didst scorn the king's command,
Neglecting our commission in his name.

Cop.

His name I reverence, but his person more;
His name shall keep me in allegiance still,
But to his person I will bend my knee.

Edw.

I pray thee, Philippe, let displeasure pass;
This man doth please me, and I like his words:
For what is he, that will attempt high deeds,
And lose the glory that ensues the same?
All rivers have recourse unto the sea;
And Copland's faith, relation to his king.—

Kneel therefore down; now rise, King Edward's knight:
And, to maintain thy state, I freely give
Five hundred marks a year to thee and thine.—

***Enter* SALISBURY.**

Edw.

Welcome, Lord Salisbury: what news from Bretagne?

Sal.

This, mighty king; the country we have won:
And John de Montfort, regent of that place,
Presents your highness with this coronet,
Protesting true allegiance to your grace.

Edw.

We thank thee for thy service, valiant earl;
Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.

Sal.

But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,
So must my voice be tragical again,
And I must sing of doleful accidents.

Edw.

What, have our men the overthrow at Poitiers?
Or is my son beset with too much odds?

Sal.

He was, my lord: and as my worthless self,
With forty other serviceable knights,
Under safe-conduct of the dauphin's seal
Did travel that way, finding him distress'd,
A troop of lances met us on the way,
Surpris'd, and brought us prisoners to the king;
Who, proud of this, and eager of revenge,
Commanded straight to cut off all our heads:
And surely we had dy'd, but that the duke,

More full of honour than his angry sire,
Procur’d our quick deliverance from thence:
But, ere we went, Salute your king, quoth he,
Bid him provide a funeral for his son,
To-day our sword shall cut his thread of life;
And, sooner than he thinks, we’ll be with him,
To quittance those displeasures he hath done:
This said, we pass’d, not daring to reply;
Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus’d and wan.
Wand’ring, at last we climb’d unto a hill;
From whence, although our grief were much before,
Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
Did thrice so much increase our heaviness:
For there, my lord, O, there we did descry
Down in a valley how both armies lay.
The French had cast their trenches like a ring;
And every barricado’s open front
Was thick emboss’d with brazen ordinance:
Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse;
There twice as many pikes, in quadrant wise:
Here cross-bows, arm’d with deadly-wounding darts:
And in the midst, like to a slender point
Within the compass of the horizon,—
As ‘twere a rising bubble in the sea,
A hazel-wand amidst a wood of pines,—
Or as a bear fast chain’d unto a stake,
Stood famous Edward, still expecting when

Those dogs of France would fasten on his flesh.
Anon, the death-procuring knell begins:
Off go the cannons, that, with trembling noise,
Did shake the very mountain where we stood;
Then sound the trumpets’ clangors in the air,

The battles join: and, when we could no more
Discern the difference ‘twixt the friend and foe,
(So intricate the dark confusion was)
Away we turn’d our watery eyes, with sighs
As black as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The most untimely tale of Edward’s fall.

Que.

Ah me! is this my welcome into France?
Is this the comfort, that I look’d to have,
When I should meet with my belovéd son?
Sweet Ned, I would, thy mother in the sea
Had been prevented of this mortal grief!

Edw.

Content thee, Philippe; ‘tis not tears, will serve
To call him back, if he be taken hence:
Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of sharp, unheard-of, dire revenge.—
He bids me to provide his funeral;
And so I will: but all the peers in France
Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody tears,
Until their empty veins be dry and sere:
The pillars of his hearse shall be their bones;
The mould that covers him, their cities’ ashes;
His knell, the groaning cries of dying men;
And, in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
An hundred fifty towers shall burning blaze,
While we bewail our valiant son’s decease.

Flourish of trumpets within. ***Enter a*** **Herald.**

Rejoice, my lord; ascend the imperial throne!
The mighty and redoubted Prince of Wales,
Great servitor to bloody Mars in arms,
The Frenchman’s terror, and his country’s fame,

Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer:
And, lowly at his stirrup, comes afoot
King John of France, together with his son,

229

In captive bonds; whose diadem he brings,
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee king.

Edw.

Away with mourning, Philippe, wipe thine eyes;—
Sound trumpets, welcome in Plantagenet!

***A loud flourish. Enter* PRINCE, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, *with* KING JOHN, *and* PHILIP.**

As things, long lost, when they are found again,
So doth my son rejoice his father's heart,
For whom, even now, my soul was much perplex'd!
[*Running to the* PRINCE, *and embracing him.*

Que.

Be this a token to express my joy,
[*Kissing him.*
For inward passions will not let me speak.

Pri.

My gracious father, here receive the gift,
[*Presenting him with* KING JOHN'S *crown.*
This wreath of conquest, and reward of war,
Got with as mickle peril of our lives,
As e'er was thing of price before this day;
And, herewithal, I render to your hands
These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

Edw.

So, John of France, I see, you keep your word
You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 'tis so indeed:
But, had you done at first as now you do,

How many civil towns had stood untouch'd,
That now are turn'd to raggéd heaps of stones?
How many people's lives might you have sav'd,
That are untimely sunk into their graves?

Joh.

Edward, recount not things irrevocable;
Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have?

Edw.

Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be known;
But first to England thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords;
Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
As ours hath been since we arriv'd in France.

Joh.

Accurséd man! of this I was foretold,
But did misconstrue what the prophet told.

Pri.

Now, father, this petition Edward makes:
To Thee whose grace hath been his strongest shield,

230

That, as Thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to show Thy power,
So Thou wilt grant, that many princes more
Bred and brought up within that little isle,
May still be famous for like victories!—
And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,
The heat, and cold, and what else might displease,
I wish were now redoubled twenty-fold;
So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffic of my tender youth,

Might thereby be enflam'd with such resolve,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Turkey, and what countries else
That justly would provoke fair England's ire,
Might, at her presence, tremble, and retire!

Edw.

Here, English lords, we do proclaim a rest,
And interceasing of our painful arms:
Sheathe up your swords, refresh your weary limbs,
Peruse your spoils; and, after we have breath'd
A day or two within this haven town,
God willing, then for England we'll be shipp'd;
Where, in a happy hour, I trust, we shall
Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen. [*Exeunt.*

KING RICHARD II

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster, Uncle to the King.*
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York, Uncle to the King.*
HENRY BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaun afterwards King Henry IV.*
DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York,*
THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk,*
EARL OF SALISBURY.
LORD BERKLEY.
BUSHY, *Favourites of King Richard*
BAGOT, *Favourites of King Richard*
GREEN, *Favourites of King Richard*
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, *his son.*

LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLOUGHBY.
Bishop of Carlisle,
Abbot of Westminster,
Lord Marshal,
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Queen to King Richard,
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending on the Queen.

KING RICHARD II

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London, A Room in the Palace.*

***Enter* KING RICHARD *and* JOHN OF GAUNT,**
with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich.
Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear.
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt.
I have, my liege.

K. Rich.

Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice.
Or worthily, as a good subject should.
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt.

As near as I could sift him on that argument.
On some apparent danger seen in him.
Aimed at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich.

Then call them to our presence; face to face.
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
High-stomached are they both and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

***Re-enter Attendants, with* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.**

Boling.

May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor.

Each day still better other's happiness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich.

We thank you both; yet one but flatters us.
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling.

First,—Heaven be the record to my speech!—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate.
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee.
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak.
My body shall make good upon this earth.
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant.
Too good to be so, and too bad to live.
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff' I thy throat,
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move.
What my tongue speaks my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor.

Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war.
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hushed and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post until it had returned
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty.
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him.

Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds.
And meet him were I tied to run afoot

235

Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling.

Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor.

I take it up; and by that sword I swear.
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich.

What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling.

Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true:—
That Mowbray hath, received eight thousand nobles

In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers.
The which he hath detained for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the farthest verge
That ever was surveyed by English eye.
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries.
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;

236

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich.

How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what sa/st thou to this?

Nor.

O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf.
Till I have told this slander of his blood.
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich.

Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir.
As he is but my father's brother's son.
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood

Should nothing privilege him, nor partialise
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor.

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserved I by consent.
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account.
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe.
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begged
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appealed,
It issues from the rancour of a villain
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot.

237

To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom.

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich.

Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me.
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
Well calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt.

To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich.

And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt.

When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich.

Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Nor.

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled here;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venomed spear;
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich.

Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.

Nor.

Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame.
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barred-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich.

Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.

Boling.

O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height

Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace.
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Rich.

We were not bom to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officers-at-arms

Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Lancaster's Palace.

***Enter* Gaunt *and* Duchess of Gloster.**

Gaunt.

Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct.
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth.
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch.

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood.
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course.
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood.

Is cracked, and all the precious liquor spilt;
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts:
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt.

God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch.

Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

Gaunt.

To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch.

Why then, I will.—Farewell, old Gaunt:
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
That they may break his foaming courser's back
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt.

Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry;

As much good stay with thee as go with me!

Duch.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York
Bid him with speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,

240

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Gosford Green, near Coventry. Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds attending.*

***Enter the* Lord Marshal *and* AUMERLE.**

Mar.

My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?

Aum.

Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar.

The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum.

Why then, the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter* KING RICHARD, *who takes his seat;* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter

NORFOLK, ***in armour, preceded by a Herald.***

K. Rich.

Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar.

In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath;
And so defend thee Heaven and thy valour!

Nor.

My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk:
Who hither come engagéd by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me,

And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Trumpet sounds. ***Enter*** **BOLINGBROKE,** ***in armour, preceded by a Herald.***

K. Rich.

Marshal, demand of yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law

Depose him in the justice of his cause,

Mar.

What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven?

Boling.

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Mar.

On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling.

Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar.

The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich.

We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling.

O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle,
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [*To* GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point.

Gaunt.

God in thy good cause make thee prosperous?
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, live.

Boling.

Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

Nor.

However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontrolled enfranchisement
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich.

Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour crouchéd in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar.

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling.

Strong as a tower in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar.

[*To an Officer.*] Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

I Her.

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

243

A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her.

Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar.

Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[*A charge sounded.*
Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich.

Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And list what with our council we have done.

[*A flourish.*

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled
With that dear blood which it hath fosteréd;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-wingéd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling.

Your will be done this must my comfort be,—
The sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich.

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word of "never to return "
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor.

A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth.
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deservéd at your highness' hands.
The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringéd viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaoled my tongue,
Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich.

It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor.

Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*

K. Rich.

Return again and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banished hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God,
Embrace each other's love in banishment,
Nor never look upon each other's face,
Nor never write regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by adviséd purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill

’Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling.

I swear.

Nor.

And I, to keep all this.

Boling.

Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepúlchre of our flesh,

245

As now our flesh is banished from this land:—
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor.

No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life
And I from heaven banished, as from hence.
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world’s my way. [*Exit.*

K. Rich.

Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grievéd heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banished years
Plucked four away.—[*To* BOLINGBROKE.] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling.

How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt.

I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile,
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich.

Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live

Gaunt.

But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow!
Thou canst help Time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy me breath.

K. Rich.

Thy son is banished upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroyed.

Alas, I looked when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich.

Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him; and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and Train.*

Aum.

Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
For where you do remain let paper show.

Mar.

My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt.

O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling.

I have too few to take my leave of you
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt.

Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling.

Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt.

What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling.

To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt.

Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling.

My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforcéd pilgrimage.

Gaunt.

The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling.

Nay rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

247

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, it was the king did banish thee,
But thou the king; woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go’st, not whence thou com’st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread’st the presence strewed,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no: the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt.

Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling.

Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu,
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Court.*

Enter* KING RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN, *at one side;* AUMERLE *at another.

K. Rich.

We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle, how far
Brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum.

My lord,

I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich.

And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum.

'Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich.

What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum.

"Farewell:"
And, for my heart disdainéd that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthened hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich.

He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"—
As were our England in reversion his
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green.

Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,—
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. Rich.

We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters,
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

***Enter* BUSHY.**

Bushy, what news?

Bushy.

Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich.

Where lies he?

Bushy.

At Ely House.

K. Rich.

Now put it, God, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*

250

SCENE II.—London. A Room in Ely House.

GAUNT ***on a couch; the*** **DUKE OF YORK** ***and others standing by him.***

Gaunt.

Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York.

Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt.

O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listened more,
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends marked than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York.

No; it is stopped with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state; then there are fond
Lascivious metres, to whose venom strain
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt.

Methinks, I am a prophet new inspired,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;

With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home—
For Christian service and true chivalry—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, 's now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

***Enter* KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN; BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT; ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.**

York.

The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts being reined do rage the more.

Queen.

How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich.

What comfort, man? how is 't with agéd Gaunt?

Gaunt.

O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:

252

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched:
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.

K. Rich.

Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt.

No, misery makes sport to mock itself.
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich.

Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt.

No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich.

Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me

Gaunt.

O, no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich.

I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill:

Gaunt.

Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill:
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incagéd in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
Which art possessed now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,
And—

K. Rich.

And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition

253

Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt.

O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son
For that I was his father Edward's son.
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapped out, and drunkenly caroused.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,—

Whom fair befall in heaven ‘mongst happy souls!—
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect’st not spilling Edward’s blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crookéd age,
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have,
[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

K. Rich.

And let them die that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York.

Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich.

Right, you say true: as Hereford’s love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter **NORTHUMBERLAND.**

North.

Old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich.

What says he?

North.

My liege, nothing: all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

K. Rich.

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,

254

Which live like venom where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

York.

How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Not the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first
In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so looked he,
Accomplished with the number of thy hours;
But when he frowned, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

K. Rich.

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

O my liege,
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God,—God forbid, I say true!—

255

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposéd hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich.

Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York.

I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich.

Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House,
To see this business. To-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and ‘tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England:
For he is just, and always loved us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

North.

Now, afore God, ‘tis shame such wrongs are borne.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, ‘gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
’Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross.

The commons hath he pilled with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo.

And daily new exactions are devised,—
As blanks, benevolence, and I wot not what:
But what, o’ God’s name, doth become of this?

North.

War hath not wasted it, for warred he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross.

The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo.

The king’s grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North.

Reproach and dissolution hangeth o'er him.

Ross.

He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banished duke.

North.

His noble kinsman:—most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross.

We see the very wrack that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.

North.

Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo.

Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross.

Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North.

Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Lord Cobham,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnished by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,—
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;

Ross.

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Willo.

To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.
Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

***Enter* QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.**

Bushy.

Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen.

To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.
More than your lord's departure weep not,—more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen.

It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me otherwise howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,
As though, in thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me, with heavy nothing, faint and shrink.

***Enter* GREEN.**

Green.

God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen.—
I hope the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

Queen.

Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped?

Green.

That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,

258

And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurg.

Queen.

Now, God in heaven forbid!

Green.

Ah, madam, ‘tis too true: and that is worse.
The Lord Northumberland, his son, young Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy.

Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

Green.

We have whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen.

So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow’s dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy.

Bushy.

Despair not, madam.

Queen.

Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Green.

Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen.

With signs of war about his agéd neck.
O, full of careful business are his looks.—

***Enter* YORK.**

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York.

Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a **Servant.**

Serv.

My lord, your son was gone before I came.

259

York.

He was?—Why, so,—Go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send presently a thousand pound—
Hold; take my ring.

Serv.

I had to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York.

What is't, knave?

Serv.

An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York.

God for his mercy! What a tide of woes

Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,—
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What! are there posts despatched for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister, cousin, I'd say: pray, pardon me.—
[*To the Servant.*] Go fellow, get thee home; provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my near kinsman, whom the king hath wronged
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.—Go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley Castle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Bolingbroke's Camp in Glostershire.

***Enter* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND.**

Boling.
How far is it to Berkley now?
North.
My lord,

260
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome;

And yet your fair discourse hath much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel.

Boling.

Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

North.

***Enter* HARRY PERCY.**

My son,
Young Harry Percy, sent from my brother Worcester.
How fares your uncle?

Percy.

I had thought to have learned
His health of you.

North.

Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy.

No, my good lord: he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed
The household of the king.

North.

What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when last we spake.

Percy.

Because your lordship was proclaiméd traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North.

Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy.

No, my good lord; for that is not forgot

Which ne’er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North.

Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.

Percy.

My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approvéd service and desert.

Boling.

I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love’s recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

261

North.

How far is it to Berkley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy.

There stands the castle, by yond tuft of trees,
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard?
And in it the Lords of Berkley, York, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

***Enter Ross and* WILLOUGHBY.**

North.

Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling.

Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love pursues
A banished traitor: all my treasury

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enriched,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross.

Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo.

And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

***Enter* BERKLEY.**

North.

My Lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk.

My Lord
Of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling.

My lord, my answer is to Lancaster,
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk.

Mistake me not, my lord: 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter* YORK *attended.

Boling.

I shall not need transport my words by you:

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*

262

York.

Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling.

My gracious uncle—

York.

Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace"
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more, why,—why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
And ostentation of despiséd arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling.

My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York.

Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banished man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling.

As I was banished, I was banished Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,

263

It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father’s goods are all distrained and sold.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law. Attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North.

The noble Duke hath been too much abused.

Ross.

It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo.

Base men by his endowments are made great.

York.

My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North.

The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York.

Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;—
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling.

An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle, which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York.

It may be I'll go with you;-but yet I'll pause;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

Enter* KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.

K. Rich.

Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

Aum.

Yea, my good lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich.

Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

265

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop.

Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Aum.

He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich.

Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revelled in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the right.

266

***Enter* SALISBURY.**

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal.

Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair,
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O’erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, and fled.

Aum.

Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich.

But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum.

Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

K. Rich.

I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York
Hath power to serve our turn. But who comes here?

***Enter* SCROOP.**

Scroop.

More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

K. Rich.

Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop.

Glad am I, that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have armed their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat; both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich.

Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it,
I warrant they've made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop.

Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich.

O villains, vipers, damned without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart!
Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop.

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

Aum.

Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop.

Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum.

Where is the duke, my father, with his power?

K. Rich.

No matter where;—of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposéd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,

Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered:—for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks:
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends, fear enemies:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Bishop.

My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

Aum.

My father hath a power; inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

269

K. Rich.

Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;

An easy task it is to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop.

Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich.

Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum.

My liege, one word.

K. Rich.

He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Wales. Near Flint Castle.*

Enter* BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.

Boling.
So that by this intelligence we learn,

270
The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North.
The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York.
It would beseem the Lord Northumberland,
To say King Richard:-alack, the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North.
Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York.
The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling.
Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York.
Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er your head.
Boling.

I know it, uncle; and I not oppose
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

***Enter* PERCY.**

What, Harry, welcome: will not this castle yield?

Percy.

The castle royally is manned, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling.

Royally?
Why, it contains no king?

Percy.

Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone,
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North.

O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling.

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Northumberland, through brazen trumpet send
The breath of parle into his ruined ears,
And thus deliver:—Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come

271

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repealed,
And lands restored again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
[*Exit* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle's tattered battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters,—on the earth and not on him.—
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Courtyard of Flint Castle.*

***A parley sounded. Flourish. Enter from the Castle* KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY, *meeting* NORTHUMBERLAND.**

K. Rich.
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.]
We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget

To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God

272

That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for yond, methinks, he stands,
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North.

The King of Heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rushed upon! Thy thrice-noble Cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,

And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbéd steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

273

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just:
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich.

Northumberland, say thus the king returns:—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplished without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires.*
[*To* AUMERLE.] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum.

No, good my Lord: let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich.

O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment

On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth? O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum.

Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich.

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carvéd saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And buried once, why not upon my head?—

K. Rich.

Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—"There lies
Two kinsmen, digged their graves with weeping eyes."
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—

***Enter* Northumberland.**

K. Rich.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North.
My lord, he doth attend to speak with you.

Enter* BOLINGBROKE *and his Attendants.

Boling.
My gracious lord,— [Kneeling.]

K. Rich.
Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling.
My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich.
Your own is yours; and I am yours, and all.

Boling.
So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich.

Well you deserve; they well deserve to have
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father.

275

Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling.

Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich.

Then I must not say no.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV

Scene I.—*Langley,—York's Garden,*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen.

What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady.

Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen.

'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs.
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 Lady.

Madam, we'll dance.

Queen.

My legs can keep no measure in delight.
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 Lady.

We will tell tales.

Queen.

Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 Lady.

Of either, madam.

Queen.

No, of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting.
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had.
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have, I need not to repeat.
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady.

Madam, I'll sing.

Queen.

'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

1 Lady.

I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen.

And I could sing, would weeping do me good.
And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They will talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.
[QUEEN *and Ladies retire.*

Enter a* Gardener, *and two Servants.

Gard.

Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv.

Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm state,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard.

Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv.

What, are they dead?

Gard.

They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king.—O, what pity is it,
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;

277

Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 Serv.

What, think you then, the king shall be deposed?

Gard.

Depressed he is already; and deposed,
'Tis doubt, he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen.

O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking. [*Coming forward.*
Thou Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard.

Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weighed:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen.

Nimble mischance that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What! was I born to this, that my sad look

Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard.

Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;

Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*London. Westminster Hall.*

Enter* BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and other Lords.* Then *enter York, attended.

York.

Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the Fourth!

Boling.

In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Bishop.

Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,

Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,

279

That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North.

Well have you argued, sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treason, we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling.

Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York.

I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling.

[*To the Bishop*] Little are we beholding to your love,
And little looked for at your helping hands.

Re-enter* York, *with* King Richard, *and Officers bearing the crown.

K. Rich.

Alack, why am I sent for to a king
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me

280

To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, Amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, Amen, if Heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York.

To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich.

Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
On this side my hand, and on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well

That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling.

I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich.

My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling.

Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich.

Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done:
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling.

Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich.

Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm.

With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And pleased with all, thou, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

North.

[*Offering a paper.*] No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich.

Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of Heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates

Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North.

My lord, despatch: read o'er these articles.

K. Rich.

Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North.

My lord,—

K. Rich.

No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurped.—Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out
And know not now what name to call myself.
O, that I were a mockery king of snow
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke
To melt myself away in water drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling.

Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

North.

Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich.

Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling.

Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North.

The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich.

They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies

And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

Boling.

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich.

Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling.

Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich.

Fair cousin? I am greater than a king;
For, when I was a king my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling.

Yet ask.

K. Rich.

And shall I have it?

Boling.

You shall.

K. Rich.

Why then, give me leave to go.

Boling.

Whither?

K. Rich.

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling.

Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich.

O, good! Convey!—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard and Guard.*

Boling.

On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*

284

Abbot.

A woful pageant have we here beheld.

Bishop.

The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum.

You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot.

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*London. Outside the Palace-gates.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen.

This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter **King Richard** *and Guards.*

But soft, now see, or rather do not see
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

K. Rich.

Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen.

What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformed and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke deposed
Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?

285

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage

To be overpowered; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich.

A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell the tales
Of woful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

Enter **Northumberland,** ***attended.***

North.

My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed:
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich.

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way

To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North.

My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich.

Doubly divorced!—Bad men, ye violate

286

A two-fold marriage; ‘twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath ‘twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss ‘twas made.
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France,—from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or shortest day.

Queen.

And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich.

Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen.

Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North.

That were some love, but little policy.

Queen.

Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich.

So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*

Queen.

Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me, to keep and kill thy heart.
[*They kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich.

We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu;—the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I.—*London. A Room in York's Palace.*

***Enter* YORK *and the* DUCHESS.**

Duch.

My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York.

Where did I leave?

Duch.

At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York.

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—"God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,—
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen:"
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

Duch.

Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch.

Here comes my son Aumerle.

York.

Aumerle that was:
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.

288

I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

***Enter* AUMERLE.**

Duck.

Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum.

Madam, | know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York.

Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropped before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those jousts and triumphs?

Aum,

For aught I know, they do.

York.

You will be there?

Aum.

If God prevent me not, I purpose so.

York.

What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale, sir? let me see the writing.

Aum.

My lord, ‘tis nothing.

York.

No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum.

1 do beseech your grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York.

Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch.

What should you fear? It is
Nothing but some bond he is entered into
For gay apparel ‘gainst the triumph day.

York.

Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum.

Pardon me:
I may not show it.

York.

Let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason! foul treason!—Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch.

What is the matter?

York.

Who is within there? ho!

***Enter a* Servant.**

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch.

Why, what is it, my lord?

289

York.

Saddle my horse.— [*Exit Servant.*

Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

1 will appeach the villain.

Duch.

What's the matter?

York.

Peace, foolish woman.

Duch.

What is the matter, Aumerle?

Aum.

Good mother, be content: it is no more

'Than my poor life must answer.

Duch.

Thy life answer?

York.

1 will unto the king.

Duch.

What wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons, or are we like to have?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not thine own?

York.

Thou fond, mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them have set down their hands

To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch.

He shall be none:

We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?

York.

Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him, Make way, woman!
[*Exit.*

Duch.

After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse:
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter* BOLINGBROKE *as King;* PERCY, *and other Lords.

Boling.

Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

290

I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unconstrainéd loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes
And beat our watch and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy.

Some two days since
I saw the prince, and told him of these triumphs
At Oxford held.

Boling.

And what said the gallant?

Percy.

His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling.

As dissolute as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.—
But who comes here?

***Enter* AUMERLE.**

Aum.

Where is the king?

Boling.

'What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly

Aum.

God save your majesty. I do beseech
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling.

Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
[*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum.

For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak,

Boling.

Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum.

Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done. |

291

Boling.

Have thy desire. [AUMERLE *locks the door.*

York.

[*Within.*] My liege, look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling.

I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*

Aum.

Stay thy revengeful hand:
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York.

[*Within.*] Open the door.
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE unlocks the door,*
and afterwards locks it again.

Enter **York.**

Boling.

What is the matter? speak: how near is danger?
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York.

Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum.

Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York,

Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling.

O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York.

So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold;
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch,

(Within.] What, ho! my liege! for God's sake let me in.

292

Boling.

What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duck,

A woman, and thine aunt: open the door.

Boling.

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin

York.

If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This festered joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter **DUCHESS.**

Duch.

O king, believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York.

Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch.

Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels.*

Boling.

Rise up, good aunt.

Duch.

Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see that day the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum.

Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*

York,

Against them both my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch.

Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
'We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling.

Good aunt, stand up.

293

Duch.

Nay, do not say—stand up;
But "pardon" first, and afterwards "stand up."
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech,
I never longed to hear a word till now;
Say "pardon," king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet.

Boling.

Good aunt, stand up.

Duch.

I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling.

1 pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch.

O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling.

With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch.

A god on earth thou art.

Boling.

But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels,—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell, and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath prayed, and prove you true.

Duch.

Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter* SIR PIERCE OF EXTON *and a Servant.

Exton.

Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this fear?"
Was it not so?

Serv.

Those were his very words.

Exton.

”Have Ino friend?” quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?

Serv.

He did.

Exton.

And, speaking it, he wistly looked on me,
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let’s go:
I am the king’s friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.*

***Enter* KING RICHARD.**

K. Rich.

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I’ll hammer ‘t out.
My brain I’ll prove the female to my soul;
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermixed
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus,—Come, little ones;” and then again,—

”It is as hard to come, as for a camel
Ta thread the postern of a needle’s eye.”
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune’s slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,

295

That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,—
And so I am: then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I kinged again, and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate’er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
With being nothing.—[Music.] Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men’s lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,

Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now for the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack 'o the clock.—
This music mads me; let it. sound no more;
For though it hath holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.
Who's there?

***Enter* Groom.**

Groom.
Hail, royal Prince!
K. Rich.
Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither now;
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom.
1 was a poor groom of thy stable, king,

When thou wert king;, who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes master's face.
O, how it yearned my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,—
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dressed!

K. Rich,

Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom.

So proudly, as if he disdained the ground.

K. Rich.

So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down—
Since pride must have a fall—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-galled, and tired, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter* Keeper, *with a dish.

Keep.

(To the Groom.] Fellow, give place, here is no
longer stay.

K. Rich.

If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom.

What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep.

My lord, now will it please you to fall to?

297

K. Rich.

Taste of it first, as thou are wont to do.

Keep.

My lord, I dare not: Pierce of Exton, who
Came lately from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich.

The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep.

Help, help, help!

Enter* EXTON, *and Servants, armed.

K. Rich.

How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another: then* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* KING HENRY V., (*his son.*)
THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence,* (*his son.*)
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, (*his son.*)
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER, (*his son.*)
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
GOWER.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
An Attendant on the Chief-Justice.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*
LORD MOWBRAY.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD BARDOLPH.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
TRAVERS *and* MORTON, *retainers of Northumberland.*
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
His Page.
BARDOLPH.
PISTOL.
POINTZ, *favourite of* PRINCE HENRY.
PETO, *attendant on* PRINCE HENRY.
GADSHILL, *a thief.*
SHALLOW, *country justices.*
SILENCE, *country justices.*
DAVY, *servant to* SHALLOW.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, *and* BULLCALF, *recruits.*
FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers.*
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

KING HENRY IV

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. Before a Tavern.*

***Enter* PRINCE HENRY *and* FALSTAFF.**

Fal.
Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen.
Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons. I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal.
Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Pheebus,—he, "that wandering knight so fair." And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

P. Hen.
What, none?

Fal.
No, by my troth,—not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen.

Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal.

Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen.

Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the

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fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "lay by," and spent with crying "bring in;" now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal.

By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen.

As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.

And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal.

How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen.

Why, what a plague have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal.

Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen.

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal.

No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen.

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal.

Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen.

No; thou shalt.

Fal.

Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen.

Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal.

Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen.

For obtaining of suits?

Fal.

Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugged bear.

P. Hen.

Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal.

Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen.

What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal.

Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—but, Hal, I prithee, trouble

me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely,—but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen.

Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal.

O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal,—I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen.

Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal.

Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen.

I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

***Enter* POINTZ.**

Fal.

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.—Pointz! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.

P. Hen.

Good morrow, Ned.

Poin.

Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-sugar? But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in

Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

304

Fal.

Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poin.

You will, chops?

Fal.

Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen.

Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal.

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen.

Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal.

Why, that's well said.

P. Hen.

Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal.

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. Hen.

I care not.

Poin.

Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal.

Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation-sake, prove a false thief;

for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen.

Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer!

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poin.

Now, my good sweet honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen.

But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poin.

Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen.

Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poin.

Tut! our horses they shall not see,—I'll tie them

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in the wood; our visards we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen.

But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poin.

Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least,

he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen.

Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poin.

Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

P. Hen.

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother-up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapour that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work,
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiséd,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter* KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.

K. Hen.

So shaken, as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathéd knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blesséd cross
We are impresséd and engag'd to fight,—
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blesséd feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West.

My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight

Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butcheréd.

K. Hen.

It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West.

This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news

307

Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
And brave Archibald, that ever valiant
And approvéd Scot, at Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour.

K. Hen.

Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, hath brought us welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
The lords of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil,
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West.

In faith, a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen.

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,—

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West.

This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen.

But I have sent for him to answer this;

308

And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

West.

Lo, here he comes.

***Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, *and* HOTSPUR.**

K. Hen.

Where are your prisoners ?
My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,

And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor.

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North.

My good lord,—

K. Hen.

Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
[*Exit* WORCESTER.
[*To* NORTH.] You were about to speak.

North.

Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty.

Hot.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress’d,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap’d
Show’d like a stubble-land at harvest-home;

309

He was perfuméd like a milliner;
And ‘twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took ‘t away again;—
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:—and still he smil’d and talk’d;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call’d them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question’d me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty’s behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester’d with a popinjay,
Answer’d neglectingly, I know not what,—
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign’st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg’d
Qut of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy’d
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt.

The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or in any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

310

K. Hen.

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,—
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot.

Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:-to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never bid base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen.

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth

311

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, WEST., BLUNT, and Train.*

Hot.

An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North.

What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

***Re-enter* WORCESTER.**

Hot.

Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North.

[*To* WORCESTER.] Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor.

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot.

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor.

I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that is dead the next of blood?

North.

He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murderéd.

Wor.

And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

312

Hot.

But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North.

He did; myself did hear it.

Hot.

Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem

Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

Wor.

Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot.

If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North.

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownéd honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor.

He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot.

I cry you mercy.

Wor.

Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot.

I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor.

You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot.

Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor.

Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot.

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor.

Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North.

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot.

Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time, what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon 't it is in Glostershire ;—
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,—
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North.

At Berkley-castle.

Hot.

You say true, at Berkley.
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"
And, "gentle Harry Percy," and, "kind cousin,"—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

Wor.

Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot.

I have done, i' faith.

Wor.

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assurd,
Will easily be granted.—[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND] You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
Th' archbishop.

Hot.

Of York?

Wor.

True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot.

I smell 't: upon my life, it will do well.

North.

Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot.

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—

315

And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor.

And so they shall.

Hot.

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor.

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home;
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot.

He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor.

Cousin, farewell:—no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

North.

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot.

Uncle, adieu:—let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Road by Gadshill. Night.*

***Enter* PRINCE HENRY *and* POINTZ.**

Poin.

Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen.

Stand close. [*They retire.*

***Enter* FALSTAFF.**

Fal.

Pointz! Pointz, and be hanged! Pointz!

P. Hen.

[*Coming forward*] Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal.

Where's Pointz, Hall?

P. Hen.

He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Retires.*

Fal.

I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have

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forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Pointz!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph ! —Peto! I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen.

[*Coming forward*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal.

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen.

Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal.

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen.

Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal.

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:—when a jest is so forward, and a-foot too! I hate it.

***Enter* GADSHILL.**

Gads.

Stand!

Fal.

So I do, against my will.

Poin.

O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

[*Coming forward with* BARDOLPH *and* PETO.

Bard.

What news?

Gads.

Case ye, case ye; on with your visards; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal.

You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads.

There's enough to make us all.

Fal.

To be hanged.

P. Hen.

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Pointz and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto.

How many be there of them?

Gads.

Some eight or ten.

Fal.

Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Hen.

What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal.

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen.

Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poin.

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal.

Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen.

[*Aside to Pointz.*] Ned, where are our disguises?

Poin.

[*Aside to P. Hen.*] Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINTZ.*

Fal.

Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter **Travellers.**

First Trav.

Come, neighbour:
The boy shall lead our horses down the hill;
We'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

Fal., Gads., etc.

Stand!

Sec. Trav.

Bless us!

Fal.

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats:—ah, caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth:—down with them; fleece them.

First Trav.

O, we're undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal.

Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt, driving the Travellers out.*

Re-enter* PRINCE HENRY *and* POINTZ, *in buckram suits.

P. Hen.

The thieves have bound the true men. Now

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could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poin.

Stand close: I hear them coming. [*They retire.*

***Re-enter* FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.**

Fal.

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Pointz than in a wild-duck.

[*As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINTZ set upon them.*

P. Hen.

Your money!

Poin.

Villains!

[GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, *and (after a blow or two)* FALSTAFF, *run away, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. Hen.

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Fat Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poin.

How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

***Enter* PRINCE HENRY.**

P. Hen.

Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

***Enter* POINTZ.**

Poin.

Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen.

With three or four loggerheads amongst three or

fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as,—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir!"—but, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "anon." Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [*Exit* POINTZ.

Poin.

[*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen.

Thou art perfect.

Poin.

[*Within.*] Francis!

***Enter* FRANCIS.**

Fran.

Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen.

Come hither, Francis.

Fran.

My lord?

P. Hen.

How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran.

Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poin.

[*Within.*] Francis!

Fran.

Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen.

Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

320

Fran.

O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in
England, I could find in my heart—

Poin.

[*Within.*] Francis!

Fran.

Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen.

How old art thou, Francis?

Fran.

Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poin.

[*Within.*] Francis!

Fran.

Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen.

Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?—

Fran.

O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

P. Hen.

I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poin.

[*Within.*] Francis!

Fran.

Anon, anon.

P. Hen.

Anon, Francis? No, Francis but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran.

My lord?

P. Hen.

Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran.

O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen.

Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran.

What, sir?

Poin.

[*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen.

Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; FRANCIS stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter **Hostess.**

Host.

What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen.

Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.

[*Exit Hostess.*] Pointz!

***Re-enter* POINTZ**

Poin.

Anon, anon, sir.

321

P. Hen.

Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poin.

As merry as crickets, my lads. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen.

I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran.

[*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen.

That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after, "a trifle, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff, call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter* FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; *followed by* FRANCIS *with wine.

Poin.

Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal.

A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! —Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant ? [*Drinks.*

P. Hen.

Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal.

You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villanous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows

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old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Hen.

How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal.

A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen.

Why, you villanous round man, what's the matter?

Fal.

Are you not a coward? answer me to that :—and Pointz there?

Poin.

Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal.

I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are

straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen.

O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal.

All's one for that. A plague of all cowards! Still say I. [*Drinks.*

P. Hen.

What's the matter?

Fal.

What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen.

Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal.

Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen.

What, a hundred, man?

Fal.

I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen.

Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads.

We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal.

Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads.

And bound them.

Peto.

No, no, they were not bound.

Fal.

You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads.

As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal.

And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Hen.

What, fought ye with them all?

Fal.

All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen.

Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal.

Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen.

What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal.

Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poin.

Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal.

These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen.

Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal.

In buckram?

Poin.

Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal.

Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen.

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal.

Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen.

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal.

Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

P. Hen.

So, two more already.

Fal.

Their points being broken,—

Poin.

Down fell their hose.

Fal.

Began to give me ground: but I followed me close,

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came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen.

O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal.

But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen.

These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou nott-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal.

What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen.

Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poin.

Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason.

Fal.

What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen.

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse'-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal.

Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

P. Hen.

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poin.

Mark, Jack.

P. Hen.

We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou

hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poin.

Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal.

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I am a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap-to the doors [*To Hostess within*]:—watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen.

Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal.

Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter **Hostess.**

Host.

O, my lord the prince,—

P. Hen.

How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host.

Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen.

Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal.

What manner of man is he?

Host.

An old man.

Fal.

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen.

Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal.

Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen.

Now, sirs:—by'r lady, you fought fair:—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

326

Bard.

Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen.

Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto.

Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard.

Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before,—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen.

O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard.

My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations? (*Pointing to his own face.*)

P. Hen.

I do.

Bard.

What think you they portend?

P. Hen.

Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard.

Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen.

No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

***Re-enter* FALSTAFF.**

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal.

My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.—There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poin.

O, Glendower.

Fal.

Owen, Owen,—the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer;

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and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

P. Hen.

He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal.

You have hit it.

P. Hen.

So did he never the sparrow.

Fal.

Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen.

Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

Fal.

O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen.

Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal.

I grant ye, upon instinct.—Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen.

Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal.

Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen.

Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal.

Shall I? content:—this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen.

Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal.

Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

[*Drinks.*

P. Hen.

Well, here is my leg.

Fal.

And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host.

O, this is excellent sport, i'faith!

328

Fal.

Weep not, sweet queen for trickling tears are vain.

Host.

O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal.

For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host.

O, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal.

Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point;—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth

defile: so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen.

What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal.

A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen.

Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal.

Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically,

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both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen.

Well, here I am set.

Fal.

And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen.

Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal.

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen.

The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal.

’Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I’ll tickle ye for a young prince, i’faith.

P. Hen.

Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne’er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man,—a tun of man is thy companion. Why thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal.

I would your grace would take me with you whom means your grace?

P. Hen.

That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal.

My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen.

I know thou dost.

Fal.

But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old,—the more the pity,—his white hairs do witness it; but that he is—saving your reverence—a villain, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh’s lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry’s company, banish not him thy Harry’s company:—banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen.

I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess,* FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter* BARDOLPH, *running.

Bard.

O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal.

Out, ye rogue!—Play out the play: I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter* Hostess, *hastily.

Host.

O my lord, my lord,—

P. Hen.

Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host.

The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal.

Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen.

And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal.

I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen.

Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience,

Fal.

Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

P. Hen.

Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the* PRINCE *and* POINTZ.

***Enter* Sheriff *and* Carrier.**

P. Hen.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher.

First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen.

What men are they?

Sher.

One of them is well known,
My lord, a gross fat man.

Car.

As fat as butter.

331

P. Hen.

The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher.

I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen.

It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher.

Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen.

I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher.

Indeed, my lord, I think't be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen.

This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poin.

Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen.

Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [POINTZ *searches*.] What hast thou found?

Poin.

Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen.

Let's see what they be: read them.

Poin.

[*reads*]

"Item, A capon . . . . . 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce . . . . . 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons . . . . 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper . . . 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread . . . . . ½d."

P. Hen.

O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread
to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep
close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep
till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to
the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this
fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a
march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again

with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Pointz.

Poin.

Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter* HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.

Hot.

"—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house."—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous:"—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so

honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

***Enter* LADY PERCY.**

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady.

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been

Lady.

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage! to the field!"—and thou hast talk'd
Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thou hast so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbéd stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot.

What, ho!

***Enter a* Servant.**

Hot.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv.

He is, my lord.

Hot.

Hath Butler brought those horses?

Serv.

One horse, my lord.

Hot.

What horse? a roan, a crop-ear?

Serv.

It is, my lord.

Hot.

That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*

Lady.

Hear you, my lord.

Hot.

What sayest thou, my lady?

Lady.

What is it carries you away?

Hot.

My horse.
My love,—my horse.

Lady.

Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry,—that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go,—

Hot.

So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady.

Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot.

Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady.

Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not, then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot.

Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o'horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate,

Lady.

So far?

Hot.

Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you,—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady.

It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

335

***Enter* WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.**

Hot.

Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?—and uncle Worcester.
A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend.

No, here it is, Percy,—good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot.

And you in hell, as oft as he hears you spoke of.

Glend.

I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak’d like a coward.

Hot.

Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother’s cat
Had kitten’d, though yourself had ne’er been born.

Glend.

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot.

And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend.

The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot.

O, then th’ earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseaséd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch’d and vex’d
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend.

Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

Glend.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments,

Hot.

I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.

Mort.

Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot.

Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend.

Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot.

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

Mort.

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend.

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent
Him bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot.

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How scap'd he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend.

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealéd interchangeably,—
A business that this night may execute,—
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth

337

To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
[*To* GLEND.] Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend.

A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot.

Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
I'll have it so.

Glend.

I will not have it alter'd.

Hot.

Will not you?

Glend.

No, nor indeed you shall not.

Hot.

But who shall say me nay?

Glend.

Why, that will I.

Hot.

Let me not understand you; speak it in Welsh.

Glend.

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framéd to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,—
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot.

Marry, I'm glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry:—
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend.

Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

338

Hot.

I do not care:
I'll give thrice so much land to any friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend.

The moon shines fair: I'll in and haste the writer. [*Exit.*

Mort.

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot.

I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at the least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried "hum," and "well,"
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tiréd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort.

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well-read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor.

In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—

339

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot.

Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort.

With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter* KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, *and Lords.

K. Hen.

Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen.

So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—

340

By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wander’d and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen.

God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin’d; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney’d in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,—
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder’d at;
That men would tell their children, “This is he;”
Others would say, “Where, which is Bolingbroke?”
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress’d myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men’s hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crownéd king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne’er seen but wonder’d at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showéd like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profanéd with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push

341

Of every beardless vain comparative.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded,—seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,—
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen.

I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen.

For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
What never-dying honour hath he got

Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlargéd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
Th' Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

342

Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen.

Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praiséd knight,

And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen.

A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

***Enter* SIR WALTER BLUNT.**

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt.

So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word

343

That Douglas and the English rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen.

The Earl of Westmoreland-set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march and then
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away:
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.

***Enter* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.**

Fal.

Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard.

Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal.

Why, there is it:—come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard.

Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal.

Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

344

Bard.

Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal.

No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel:" but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, theres no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God, reward me for it!

***Enter* Hostess.**

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host.

Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal.

Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host.

Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal.

Go to, I know you well enough.

Host.

No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal.

Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host.

Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings

345

an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal.

He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host.

He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal.

How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host.

O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal.

How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter **PRINCE HENRY** ***and*** **POINTZ,** ***marching.*** **FALSTAFF**

meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard.

Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host.

My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen.

What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host.

Good my lord, hear me.

Fal.

Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen.

What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal.

The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked.

P. Hen.

What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal.

Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen.

A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host.

So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen.

What! he did not?

Host.

There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal.

There’s no more faith in thee than in a stewed

prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy’s wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host.

I am no thing, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man’s wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

P. Hen.

Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host.

So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen.

Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal.

A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host.

Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal.

Did I, Bardolph?

Bard.

Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal.

Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen.

I say ‘tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal.

Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion’s whelp.

P. Hen.

And why not as the lion?

Fal.

The king himself is to be feared as the lion dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father?

P. Hen.

But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket-up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal.

Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen.

It appears so by the story.

Fal.

Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast;

---

love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen.

O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal.

O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen.

I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal.

Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard.

Do, my lord.

P. Hen.

I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal.

I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels,—they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen.

Bardolph,—

Bard.

My lord?

P. Hen.

Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.
[*Exit* BARDOLPH.
Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse; for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.
[*Exit* POINTZ.
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Fal.

Rare words! brave world!-Hostess, my breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS, *meeting a Messenger with letters.

Hot.
What letters hast thou?
Mess.
These come from your father.
Hot.
Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess.
He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.
Hot.
Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess.
His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor.
I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess.
He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor.
I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot.
Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here, that inward sickness,—
And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor.

Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
The quality and hair of our attempt

349

Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot.

You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug.

As heart can think there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

***Enter* SIR RICHARD VERNON.**

Hot.

My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver.

Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot.

No harm:—what more?

Ver.

And further, I have learn'd.
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot.

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff the world aside?
And bid it pass?

Ver.

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;

350

As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,

His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot.

No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailéd Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver.

There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug.

That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor.

Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot.

What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver.

To thirty thousand.

Hot.

Forty let it be:
We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor.

It may not be.
Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver.

Do not, my lord.

Doug.

You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver.

Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—
If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug.

Yea, or to-night.

Ver.

Content.

Hot.

To-night, say I.

Ver.

Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot.

So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor.

The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

***Enter* SIR WALTER BLUNT.**

Blunt.

I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot.

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt.

And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You cónjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot.

The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees

That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Blunt.

Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then to the point.

353

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,—
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,—to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which now we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt.

Shall I return this answer to the king

Hot.

Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile,
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle

Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.

Blunt.

I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot.

And may be so we shall.

Blunt.

Pray God you do.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Public Road near Coventry. Moonlight.*

***Enter* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.**

Fal.

Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard.

Will you give me money, captain?

Fal.

Lay out, lay out.

Bard.

This bottle makes an angel.

Fal.

An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard.

I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal.

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as

had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat-nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a
herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, *and* PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

K. Hen.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer

355

Above yon bosky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. Hen.

Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The trumpet sounds.*

***Enter* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.**

How now, my Lord of Worcester! ‘tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv’d our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it?

Wor.

Hear me, my gracious liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen.

You have not sought it! well, how comes it, then?

Wor.

It pleas’d your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house:
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard’s time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,

When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose ‘gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall’n right,

356

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain’d down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo’d
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us’d us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo’s bird,
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc’d, for safety-sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposéd by such means
As you yourself have forg’d against yourself,

By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen.

These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changlings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen.

In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,

The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive.
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen.

And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and then bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair: take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen.

It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen.

Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, *and* PRINCE JOHN.

***Enter* FALSTAFF.**

Fal.

Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen.

Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal.

I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen.

Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal.

'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour? air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon:—and so ends my catechism.

SCENE IV.—*The Rebel Camp.*

***Enter* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.**

Wor.

O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal-kind offer of the king.

Ver.

'Twere best he did.

Wor.

Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,—
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood:

And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences lie upon my head
And on his father's we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver.

Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.

Enter **HOTSPUR** *and* **DOUGLAS;** *Officers and Soldiers behind.*

Hot.

My uncle is return'd:—deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor.

The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug.

Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot.

Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug.

Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor.

There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot.

Did you beg any, uncle? God forbid!

Wor.

I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By new-forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot.

O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver.

No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.

Hot.

Cousin, I think thou art enamouréd
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.

360

But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

***Re-enter* DOUGLAS.**

Doug.

Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

Mess.

Letters, my lord.

Hot.

I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

***Enter another* Messenger.**

Mess.

My lord, prepare: the king comes on apace.

Hot.

I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,—
Let each man do his best and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance!*—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound.* *They embrace, and exeunt.*

ACT IV

INDUCTION

Enter* Rumour, *painted full of tongues.

Rum.
Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commencéd on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize

Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage

362

Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*In Warkworth Castle.*

Enter* LORD BARDOLPH, *and a Porter.

Port.
What shall I say you are?
L. Bard.
Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port.
His lordship is walk'd forth.
L. Bard.

Here comes the earl.

[*Exit Porter.*

***Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.**

North.

What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard.

Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North.

Good, an God will!

L. Bard.

As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,

363

Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North.

How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard.

I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North.

Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard.

My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter **TRAVERS.**

North.

Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra.

My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his arméd heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North.

Ha!—Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion

Had met ill luck?

L. Bard.

My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: ne'er talk of it.

North.

Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
Give, then, such instances of loss?

364

L. Bard.

Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.—Look, here comes more news.

Enter **MORTON.**

North.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor.

I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North.

How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt,
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;"
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead."

Mor.

Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

North.

Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chancéd. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor.

You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

365

L. Bard.

I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor.

I'm sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death—whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp—
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves. Then was the noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North.

For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
My weaken'd limbs being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!

Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage

366

North.

To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra.

This strainéd passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard.

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor.

The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,
"Let us make head." It was your presurmise
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop;
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
Yet did you say, "Go forth"; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath, then, befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard.

We all that are engagéd to this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:

And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

North.

Go in with me and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,—
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and* L. BARDOLPH.

Mor.

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

Tra.

I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.

Mor.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'm'd on his grave:
They, that threw dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admiréd heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.

Tra.

We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *followed by* LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* LADY PERCY, *weeping.

North.

I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N.

I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North.

Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P.

O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost,—yours and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave—
Second to none, unseconded by you—
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North.

Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;

Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N.

O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P.

If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;

369

He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North.

Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the árchbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. A Street.*

Enter* FALSTAFF, *with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal.

Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor?

Page.

He said, sir, you might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal.

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

370

Page.

He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal.

Let him be damned, like the glutton! A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked 'a should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Where's Bardolph?

Page.

He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal.

I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Page.

Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal.

Wait close; I will not see him.

Enter the* LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE *and an Attendant.

Ch. Just.

What's he that goes there?

Atten.

Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just.

He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten.

He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just.

What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten.

Sir John Falstaff!

Fal.

Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page.

You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just.

I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing
good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten.

Sir John,—

Fal.

What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten.

You mistake me, sir.

Fal.

Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man?

371

setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Atten.

I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal.

I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

Atten.

Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just.

Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal.

My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just.

Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal.

An’t please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just.

I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal.

And I hear, morever, his highness is fallen into this same apoplexy.

Ch. Just.

Well, God mend him!—I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal.

This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a sort of tingling.

Ch. Just.

What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal.

It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just.

I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal.

Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just.

To punish you by the heels would amend the

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attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal.

I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just.

I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal.

As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just.

Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal.

He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just.

Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal.

I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just.

You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal.

The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just.

You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal.

Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just.

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal.

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that

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will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him

for it; and the young lion repents,—marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just.

Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal.

God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just.

Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal.

Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it; well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just.

Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal.

Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just.

Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Attendant.*

Fal.

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—Boy!

Page.

Sir?

Fal.

What money is in my purse?

Page.

Seven groats and two pence.

Fal.

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland;

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and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A plague of this gout! ‘Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

Enter* Hostess, FANG *and his Boy with her, and* SNARE *following.

Host.

Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang.

It is entered. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Snare.

It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host.

Alas the day! take heed of him; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang.

If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host.

No, nor I neither: I’ll be at your elbow.

Fang.

An I but fist him once; an ‘a come but within my vice,—

Host.

I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—good Master Fang, hold him sure;—good Master Snare, let him not scape. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

***Enter* FALSTAFF, Page, *and* BARDOLPH.**

Fal.

How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang.

Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress

Quickly.

Fal.

Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

375

Host.

Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal.

Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang.

A rescue! a rescue!

Host.

Good people, bring a rescue or two.

Fal.

Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the **LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE,** *attended.*

Ch. Just.

What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host.

Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just.

How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host.

O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just.

For what sum?

Host.

It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all,—all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home.

Ch. Just.

How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal.

What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host.

Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of

prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal.

My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just.

Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent saucíness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host.

Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just.

Prithee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal.

My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous:—no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just.

You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal.

Come hither, hostess. [*Takes her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just.

Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow.

The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [Gives a letter.

Fal.

As I am a gentleman,—

377

Host.

Faith, you said so before.

Fal.

As I am a gentleman;—come, no more words of it.

Host.

By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal.

Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German Hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an ‘twert not for thy humours, there’s not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host.

Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i’ faith, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

Fal.

Let it alone; I’ll make other shift; you’ll be a fool still.

Host.

Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you’ll come to supper. You’ll pay me altogether?

Fal.

Will I live?—[*To* BARDOLPH.] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

[*Exeunt Hostess,* BARDOLPH, *Officers, and Boy.*

Ch. Just.

I have heard better news.

Fal.

What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just.

Where lay the king last night?

Gow.

At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal.

I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just.

Come all his forces back?

Gow.

No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal.

Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just.

You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal.

My lord!

Ch. Just.

What's the matter?

Fal.

Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner,

Gow.

I must wait upon my good lord here,—I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just.

Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal.

Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just.

What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal.

Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just.

Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[Exeunt.

***Enter* PRINCE HENRY *and* POINTZ.**

P. Hen.

Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poin.

Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen.

Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poin.

Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen.

Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow!

Poin.

How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen.

Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Poin.

Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen.

It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poin.

Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen.

Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick albeit I could tell to thee,—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,—I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

379

Poin.

Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen.

By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency; let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin.

The reason?

P. Hen.

What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin.

I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen.

It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poin.

Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. Hen.

And to thee.

Poin.

By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help.—By the mass, here comes Peto.

***Enter* PETO.**

P. Hen.

Peto, how now! what news?

Peto.

The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen.

By heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before Justice Shallow's house in Gloucestershire.*

Enter* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, *and Servants, behind.

Shal.

Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil.

Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal.

And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil.

Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal.

By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil.

Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal.

'A must, then, to the inns o' court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil.

You were called "lusty Shallow" then, cousin.

Shal.

By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsol' man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil.

This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal.

The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack not thus high and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Ah! the

mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil.

We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal.

Certain, ‘tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil.

Truly, cousin, I was not there.

381

Shal.

Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil.

Dead, sir.

Shal.

Dead!—’a drew a good bow;—and dead!—’a shot a fine shoot:—John o’ Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—’a would have clapped i’ the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man’s heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil.

Thereafter as they be a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal.

And is old Double dead?

Sil.

Here come two of Sir John Falstaff’s men, as I think.

Enter **BARDOLPH** ***and one with him.***

Bard.

Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal.

I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king’s justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard.

My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, —a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal.

He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard.

Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal.

It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard.

Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby ‘a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal.

It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.

***Enter* FALSTAFF.**

Give me your good hand, give me your worship’s good hand: by my troth, you like well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal.

I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow:—Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal.

No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal.

Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil.

Your good worship is welcome.

Fal.

Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal.

Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal.

Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal.

Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy!—Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul.

Here, an't please you.

Shal.

What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal.

Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul.

Yea, an't please you.

Fal.

'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal.

Ha, ha, ha, most excellent, i'faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal.

[*To* SHALLOW.] Prick him.

Moul.

I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal.

Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul.

Spent.

Shal.

Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where

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you are?—For the others, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal.

Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal.

Where's Shadow?

Shad.

Here, sir.

Fal.

Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad.

My mother's son, sir.

Fal.

Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; not much of the father's substance.

Shal.

Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal.

Shadow will serve for summer,—Prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal.

Thomas Wart!

Fal.

Where's he?

Wart.

Here, sir.

Fal.

Is thy name Wart?

Wart.

Yea, sir.

Fal.

Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal.

Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal.

It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal.

Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee.

Here, sir.

Fal.

What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee.

A woman's tailor, sir.

Fal.

Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee.

I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal.

Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow deep, Master Shallow. Who is next?

Shal.

Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal.

Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull.

Here, sir.

Fal.

’Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

384

Bull.

O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal.

What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull.

O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal.

What disease hast thou?

Bull.

A cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king’s affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal.

Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal.

Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal.

Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal.

O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George’s field?

Fal.

No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal.

Ha, ‘twas a merry night.

Sil.

That’s fifty-five year ago.

Shal.

Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal.

We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal.

That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner: come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Bull.

Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard.

Go to; stand aside.

Moul.

And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

385

Bard.

Go to; stand aside.

Fee.

By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so no man's too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard.

Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee.

Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter **FALSTAFF, SHALLOW,** *and* **SILENCE.**

Fal.

Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal.

Four of which you please.

Bard.

Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal.

Go to; well.

Shal.

Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal.

Do you choose for me.

Shal.

Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal.

Mouldy and Bullcalf;—for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it:—I will none of you.

Shal.

Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal.

Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: 'a shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy,—the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard.

Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal.

Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:

386

—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal.

He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,—when I lay at Clement's-inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would 'a say; "bounce" would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal.

These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal.

'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal.

Go to I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Fal.

Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE.] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, *Recruits, etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third

word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-Yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court:—and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace

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be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire. A Tent.*

Enter the* ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others.

Arch.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb.

Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

***Enter a* Messenger.**

Hast.
Now, what news?
Mess.
West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb.
The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.
Arch.
What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb.
I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

***Enter* WESTMORELAND.**

West.
Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.
Arch.
Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming.

West.
Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by heady youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of bare and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?

Arch.

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
Are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West.

When ever yet was your appeal denied;

Wherein have you been galléd by the king?
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein

389

It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them,—every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb.

But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer:
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West.

Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good:
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb.

Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West.

That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast.

Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West.

That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch.

Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West.

This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace,—which God so frame!—
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch.

My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* WEST.

Mowb.

There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast.

Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

390

Mowb.

Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derivéd cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action.

Arch.

No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:

For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.

Hast.

Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch.

'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb.

Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter **WESTMORELAND.**

West.

The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace.

Mowb.

Your grace of York, set forward.

Arch.

Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.

Enter **PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,** ***Officers, and Soldiers.***

P. John.

You're well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, my gentle lord archbishop;—

391

And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us th' imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited seal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,

And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch.

Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,—
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,—
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

392

Mowb.

If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast.

And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John.

You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West.

Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.

P. John.

I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch.

I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John.

I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace. [*Drinks.*

Hast.

[*To an Officer.*] Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part;
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*

Arch.

To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
[*Drinks.*

West.

I pledge your grace [*Drinks*]; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch.

I do not doubt you.

West.

I am glad of it.

[*Shouts within.*

393

P. John.

The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Mowb.

This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

P. John.

Go, my lord,
And let our army be dischargéd too. [*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch.

Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

P. John.

I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

***Re-enter* WESTMORELAND.**

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West.

The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

***Re-enter* HASTINGS.**

Hast.

My lord, our army is dispers'd already:

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West.

Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord árchbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb.

Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West.

Is your assembly so?

Arch.

Will you thus break your faith?

P. John.

I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

KING HENRY *on a couch, attended by* WARWICK *and* CLARENCE.

K. Hen.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects

Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep, [*He rises.*
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the pérfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?—
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny a king? Then, happy, low lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. [*He lies down.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

395

War.

Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen.

Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla.

His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War.

Less noise, less noise!

***Enter* PRINCE HENRY.**

P. Hen.

Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Cla.

Brother, I am here, but full of heaviness.

P. Hen.

How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph.

Exceeding ill.

P. Hen.

Heard he
The good news yet? tell't him.

P. Humph.

He alter'd much
Upon the hearing it.

P. Hen.

If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.

War.

Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla.

Let us withdraw into the other room.

War.

Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen.

No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
[*Exeunt all except* P. HENRY.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

396

So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Hen.

Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter **WARWICK** *and the rest.*

Cla.

Doth the king call?

War.

What would your majesty? how fares your grace?

K. Hen.

Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla.

We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen.

The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him.

War.

This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph.

He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen.

Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War.

When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen.

The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—Find him, chide him hither.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrosséd and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achievéd gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

***Re-enter* WARWICK.**

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War.

My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen.

But wherefore did he take away the crown?

***Re-enter* PRINCE HENRY.**

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt all except* K. HEN. *and* P. HEN.

P. Hen.

I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek’st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol’n that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal’d up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou loved’st me not,

398

And thou wilt have me die assur’d of it.
Thou hid’st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then, get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crownéd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:—
Harry the Fifth is crown’d:—up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double-gild his treble guilt,—
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen.

O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech.
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more

Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending!
God witness with me, when I here came in, [*Rising.*
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposéd!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—

I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: “The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.”
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it as with an enemy
That had before my face murder’d my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,—
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen.

O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father’s love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook’d ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes

400

With me into the earth. It seem’d in me
But as an honour snatch’d with boisterous hand;

And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my foes, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen.

My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

K. Hen.

Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Enter* PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WARWICK, *Lords, and others.

P. John.

Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

K. Hen.

Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

P. Hen.

My Lord of Warwick!

K. Hen.

Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War.

'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen.

Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;

401

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*He falls back with a cry, and is carried out. All follow.*

Re-enter **WARWICK,** ***meeting the*** **Lord Chief-Justice.**

War.

How now, my lord chief-justice!

Ch. Just.

How doth the king?

War.

Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just.

I hope, not dead.

War.

He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just.

I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries.

War.

Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just.

I know he doth not; and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

War.

Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just.

O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Enter **PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY,** ***and the*** **DUKE OF CLARENCE.**

P. John.

We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War.

We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John.

Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just.

Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph.

O, good my lord, you've lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

P. John.

Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would ‘twere otherwise.

402

Cla.

Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just.

Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th’ impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A raggéd and forestall’d remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I’ll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War.

Here comes the prince.

***Enter* KING HENRY THE FIFTH.**

Ch. Just.

Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

King.

This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why, then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

Cla.

We hope no other from your majesty.

King.

You all look strangely on me:—and you most;
[*To the Chief-Justice.*
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just.

I am assur'd if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King.

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?

Ch. Just.

I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at naught,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, so silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King.

You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice."—You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand

Th’ unstainéd sword that you have us’d to bear;
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done ‘gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis’d wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow’d in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry’s happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Gloucestershire. Before Shallow’s house.*

***Enter* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.**

Shal.

Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year’s pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

Fal.

’Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal.

Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all Sir John:—marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

405

Fal.

This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal.

A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John:—by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil.

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [*Singing.*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily, So merrily.

Fal.

There’s a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I’ll give you a health for that anon.

Shal.

Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy.

Sweet sir, sit; I’ll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. [BARD. *And Page sit at another table.*]

[*Exit.*

Shal.

Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [*Singing.*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
’Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Fal.

I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil.

Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

***Re-enter* DAVY.**

Davy.

There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*

Shal.

Davy,—

Davy.

Your worship? [*To* BARDOLPH.] I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil.

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal.

Well said, Master Silence.

Sil.

And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal.

Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

Sil.

Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal.

Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—[*To the Page.*] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy.

I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard.

An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal.

By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,—ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard.

Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal.

I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: 'a will not out; he is true bred.

Bard.

And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal.

Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit* DAVY.

Fal.

Why, now you have done me right.

[*To* SILENCE, *who has just drunk a bumper.*

Sil.

Do me right, [*Singing.*
And dub me knight:
Samingo.
Is't not so?

Fal.

'Tis so.

Sil.

Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

***Re-enter* DAVY.**

Davy.

An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal.

From the court! let him come in.

***Enter* PISTOL.**

How now, Pistol!

Pist.

Sir John, God save you!

Fal.

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist.

Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil.

By'r lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

407

Pist.

Puff!
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal.

I pray thee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist.

A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal.

O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil.

And Robin Hood, Scarlet and John. [*Singing.*

Pist.

Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal.

Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist.

Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal.

Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways,—either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist.

Under which king, besonian? speak, or die.

Shal.

Under King Harry.

Pist.

Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal.

Harry the Fourth.

Pist.

A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

What, is the old king dead?

Pist.

As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal.

Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard.

O joyful day!—

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist.

What! I do bring good news?

Fal.

Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward.

408

Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph! [*Exit* BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief-justice! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Street.*

Enter* Citizens *going to the Coronation.

First Cit.

I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all be banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Sec. Cit.

The king hath call'd his parliament.

First Cit.

He hath.
I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Outside Westminster Abbey.*

Enter three* Grooms, *strewing rushes.

First Groom.

More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom.

The trumpets have sounded twice.

Third Groom.

'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation.

First Groom.

Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the Page.

Fal.

Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

409

Pist.

God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal.

Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—[*To* SHALLOW.] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him;—

Shal.

It doth so.

Fal.

It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal.

It doth so.

Fal.

My devotion,—

Shal.

It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal.

As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal.

It is most certain.

Fal.

But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist.

'Tis semper idem, for absque hoc nihil est:

'Tis all in every part.

Shal.

'Tis so, indeed.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

Pist.

There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

[*The Abbey doors are opened.*

Enter the* KING *and his Train, the* Lord Chief-Justice *among them.

Fal.

God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist.

The heavens thee guard, most royal imp of fame!

Fal.

God save and keep thee, my sweet boy! my Hal!

King.

My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just.

Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal.

My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King.

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;

410

Leave gormandizing ; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be't your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.— [*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY V

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, *brothers to the King.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *brothers to the King.*
DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*
DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
EARL OF WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, *officers in King Henry's army.*
JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*
PISTOL.
NYM.
BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*
LOUIS, *the Dauphin.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
The Constable of France.
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, *a French herald.*
Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *queen of France.*
KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap (formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol).

King Henry V

***Enter* Chorus.**

Chor.

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,—
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd-in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crookéd figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-uprearéd and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece-out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;—

For ‘tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,

414

Carry them here and there; jumping o’er times,
Turning th’ accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. The Presence-chamber in the King’s Palace.*

***Enter the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.**

Cant.

My lord, I’ll tell you,—that self bill is urg’d,
Which in th’ eleventh year of the last king’s reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass’d,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely.

But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant.

It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possessions;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king’s honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;

And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by th' year: thus runs the bill.

Ely.

This would drink deep.

Cant.

'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely.

But what prevention?

Cant.

The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely.

And a true lover of the holy church.

415

Cant.

The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely.

We are blesséd in the change.

Cant.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter:—that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness. But, my lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill

416

Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant.

He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part

Than cherishing th' exhibiters against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely.

How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant.

With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear—
As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done—
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely.

What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant.

The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience;—and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely.

It is.

Cant.

Then stay, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely.

I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

Enter **KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND,** ***and Attendants.***

West.

Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen.

Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv’d,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.
Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Cant.

God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen.

Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,

417

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
’Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the sword
That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant.

Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land":
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France:
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,

King Louis his possession, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbare their crookéd titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen.

May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant.

The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France!

Ely.

Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe.

Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood:
They know your grace hath cause and means and might.

West.

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,

Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion’d in the fields of France.

419

Cant.

O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right.

K. Hen.

We must not only arm t’ invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant.

They of those marches,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen.

We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish’d kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th’ ill neighbourhood.

419

Cant.

She hath been then more fear’d than harm’d, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,

To all King Edward's fame with prisoner kings.

West.

But there's a saying, very old and true,—
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin":
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe.

It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curst necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high, and low, and lower,

420

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant.

True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixéd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;

Others, like soldiers, arméd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading-up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to éxecutors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed, fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

421

K. Hen.

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces; there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.

Enter* Ambassadors *of France, attended.

Now are we well prepard to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb.

May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen.

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbéd plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb.

Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's naught in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;—
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim

Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen.

What treasure, uncle?

Exe.

Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen.

We're glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set

422

Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living here, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore chargéd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: many a thousand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dead husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe.

This was a merry message.

K. Hen.

We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,

Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. Before the Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

***Enter, severally,* NYM *and* BARDOLPH.**

Bard.

Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym.

Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard.

What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym.

For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smites;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will and there's an end.

Bard.

I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers in France: let 't be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym.

Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will die as I may; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard.

It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym.

I cannot tell:—things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Bard.

Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.

***Enter* PISTOL, Hostess, *and* Boy.**

Host.

Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist.

No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;—
Boy, bristle thy courage up;—for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard.

Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host.

Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a fine end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I: "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone.

Nym.

They say he cried out of sack.

Host.

Ay, that 'a did.

Bard.

And of women.

Host.

Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy.

Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host.

'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy.

'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host.

'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic.

Boy.

Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hellfire?

Bard.

Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym.

Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist.

Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and pay";
Trust none;

425

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy.

And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist.

Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard.

Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym.

I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pist.

Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host.

Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Southampton. A Council-chamber.

***Enter* EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.**

Bed.

’Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe.

They shall be apprehended by and by.

West.

How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crownéd with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed.

The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe.

Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull’d and cloy’d with gracious favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign’s life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter* KING HENRY, CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, GREY, *Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen.

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge,—my kind Lord of Masham,—
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop.

No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen.

I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam.

Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey.

True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen.

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to their weight and worthiness.

Scroop.

So service shall with steeléd sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen.

We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on our more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop.

That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen.

O, let us yet be merciful, my lord.

Cam.

So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey.

You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen.

Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons ‘gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink’d at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew’d, swallow’d, and digested,
Appear before us?-We’ll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish’d. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam.

I one:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop.

So did you me, my liege.

Grey.

And me, my sovereign.

K. Hen.

Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours:—
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My Lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam.

I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. & Scroop.

To which we all appeal.

K. Hen.

The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,—
May it be possible, that foreign hire

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? ‘tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either’s purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, ‘gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch’d
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that tempted thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull’d thee thus
Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, “I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman’s.”
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou seem they grave and learnéd?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;

Garnish’d and deck’d in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purgéd judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indu’d
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like

429

Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop.

Our purposes God justly hath discover’d;
And more than death do I repent my fault;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam.

For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey.

Never did faithful subject more rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damnéd enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen.

God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you, therefore, hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, *and* GREY, *guarded.*

430

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as us like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

***Enter* Chorus.**

Chor.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies; and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,

431

Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off, within.*
And down goes all before them. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarums. ***Enter* KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.***

K. Hen.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit

To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!—

432

Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:—
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[*Alarum. The town sounds a parley.*

Enter the* Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls.

K. Hen.

How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves:
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: as I am a soldier,
A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achievéd Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buriéd.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

And the flesh’d soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,—
Array’d in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with his smirch’d complexion, all fell feats
Enlink’d to waste and desolation?
What is’t to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?

433

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th’ enragéd soldiers in their spoil,
As send precépts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O’erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash’d to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus’d
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod’s bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov.

Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us, that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen.

Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish.* *The* KING, *etc. enter the town.*

SCENE II.—*Rouen.* *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the* FRENCH KING, *the* DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *the* CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *and others.

Fr. King.

'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con.

And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau.

O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,

The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bur.

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con.

Dieu de batailles! whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull;
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,—
Poor we may call them in their native lords!

Dau.

By faith and honour, our madams mock at us,
And plainly say our mettle is bred out.

Bur.

They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King.

Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:

435

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con.

This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King.

Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau.

Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King.

Be patient; for you shall remain with us.—
Now forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter **NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL,** ***and Boy.***

Bard.

On, on, on, on, on! to the bridge, to the bridge!

Nym.

Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot;
and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour
of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist.

The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy.

Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

436

Pist.

And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy.

As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter **FLUELLEN.**

Flu.

Up to the bridge, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!
[*Driving them forward.*

Pist.

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

[*Exeunt* NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* PISTOL, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

Boy.

As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof ‘a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof ‘a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest ‘a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for ‘a never broke any man’s head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three-half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men’s pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another’s pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing-up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit.*

Enter* FLUELLEN *and* GOWER *meeting.

Gow.

How now, Captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu.

1 assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow.

Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu.

The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient, lieutenant, there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow.

What do you call him?

Flu.

He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow.

1 know him not.

***Enter* PISTOL.**

Flu.

Here is the man.

Pist,

Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu.

Ay, 1 praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist.

Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,—
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu.

By your patience, Auncient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that

she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist.

Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

438

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hangéd must 'a be,—
A damnéd death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak,—the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu.

Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist.

Why, then, rejoice therefére.

Flu.

Certainly, auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist.

Die and be damn'd,! and fico for thy friendship!

Flu.

It is well.

Pist.

The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Flu.

Very goot.

Gow.

Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu.

Vil assure you, ‘a uttered as prave ‘ords at the pridge as you shall see in a summer’s day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow.

Why, ‘tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders’ names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general’s cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu.

I tell you what, Captain Gower;—I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the ‘orld

---

he is: if 1 find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum within.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen.

How now, Fluellen! cam’st thou from the bridge?

Flu.

Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th’ athversary was have possession of the

pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen.

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu.

The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church,—one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen.

We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter **MONTJOY.**

Mont.

You know me by my habit.

K. Hen.

Well, then, 1 know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont.

My master's mind.

K. Hen.

Unfold it.

Mont.

Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have

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rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is

imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen,

What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont.

Montjoy.

K. Hen.

Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,—
Though ‘tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen’d; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army but a weak and sickly guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There’s for thy labour, Montjoy.

[*Gives a purse.*

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

441

The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont.

1 shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit*

Glo.

1 hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen.

We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.

ACT III

***Enter* Chorus.**

Chor.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:

Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously. The poor condemned English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, " Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchéd night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint

With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And so our scene must to the battle fly. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt. Dawn.*

***Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.**

K. Hen.

Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.—|
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing

443

That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

***Enter* ERPINGHAM.**

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp.

Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, " Now lie I like a king."

K. Hen.

Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo.

We shall, my liege.

Erp.

Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen.

No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp.

The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, BEDFORD, *and* ERPINGHAM.

K. Hen.

God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

***Enter* PISTOL.**

Pist.

Qui va la?

K. Hen.

A friend.

Pist.

Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen.

1am a gentleman of a company.

Pist.

Trail’st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen.

Evenso. What are you?

Pist.

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen.

Then you are a better than the king.

Pist.

The king’s a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

444

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully.—What is thy name?

K. Hen.

Harry *le Roi.*

Pist.

Le Roy!
A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen.

No, I am a Welshman.

Pist.

Know’st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen.

Yes.

Pist.

Tell him, I’ll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy’s day.

K. Hen.

Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist.

Art thou his friend?

K. Hen.

And his kinsman too.

Pist.

The fico for thee, then!

K. Hen.

I thank you: God be with you!

Pist.

My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Hen.

It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter* FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.

Gow.

Captain Fluellen!

Flu.

So! in the name of Heaven, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifs and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow.

Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu.

If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb,—in your own conscience, now?

Gow.

I will speak lower.

Flu.

I pray you, and peseech you, that you will.

[Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.

K. Hen.

Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

445

***Enter* BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.**

Court.

Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates.

I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will.

We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen.

A friend.

Will.

Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen.

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will.

A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen.

Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates.

He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen.

No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of

fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates.

He may show what outward courage he will: but I believe, as cold a night as ‘tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck;—and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen.

By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates.

Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men’s lives saved.

K. Hen.

I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men’s minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king’s company,—his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

446

Will.

That’s more than we know.

Bates.

Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king’s subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will.

But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, “We died at such a place”; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if

these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.
K. Hen.

So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king

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guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.
Will.

’Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head,—the king is not to answer it.

Bates.

I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen.

I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will.

Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne’er the wiser.

K. Hen.

If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will.

’Mass, you’ll pay him then! That’s a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock’s feather. You’ll never trust his word after! come, ‘tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen.

Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will.

Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen.

I embrace it.

Will.

How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen.

Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will.

Here’s my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen.

There.

Will.

This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, “This is my glove,” by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen.

If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will.

Thou darest as well be hanged.

448

K. Hen.

Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king’s company.

Will.

Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates.

Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

K. Hen.

Upon the king!—let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! what infinite heart’s-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony,—general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer’st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear’d
Than they in fearing.
What drink’st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison’d flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think’st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command’st the beggar’s knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play’st so subtly with a king’s repose:
I am a king that find thee; and I know
’Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissu’d robe of gold and pearl,
The farcéd title running ‘fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

449

That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill’d and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm’d with distressful bread:
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter **ERPINGHAM.**

Erp.

My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen.

Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp.

I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen.

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if th' opposéd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them—Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interréd new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issu'd forcéd drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven to pardon blood; and I have built

450

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;

Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

***Enter* GLOSTER.**

Glo.
My liege!

K. Hen.
My brother Gloster,
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*

***Enter* BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.**

West.
Of fighting-men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe.
There's five to one: besides, they all are fresh.

Sal.
God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, Lord of Bedford, and Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed.
Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe.
Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [*Exit* SALISBURY.

Bed.
He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

***Enter* KING HENRY.**

West.

O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen.

What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not live in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, “To-morrow is Saint Crispian;”
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, “These wounds I had on Crispin’s day.”
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he’ll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember’d.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne’er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberéd,—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne’er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs’d they were not here;

452

And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.

***Re-enter* SALISBURY.**

Sal.

My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West.

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen.

Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West.

God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out!

K. Hen.

Why, now thou hast unwish'd ten thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter **MONTJOY.**

Mont.

Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assuréd overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen.

Who hath sent thee now?

Mont.

The constable of France.

K. Hen.

I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
Let me speak proudly:—tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;

453

Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,—
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont.

I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen.

I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

***Enter the* DUKE OF YORK.**

York.

My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen.

Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Agincourt. The Field of Battle. Sunset.

Shouts of Victory. Enter* KING HENRY, EXETER, *and Forces.

K. Hen.

Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe.

The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen.

Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour

454

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood was he.

Exe.

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud, "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen.

I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?

Exe.

The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men.

K. Hen.

Then every soldier kill his prisoners.
I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones

455

Enforcéd from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy:—go, and tell them so. [*Exit Herald.*

Exe.

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo.

His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

***Enter* MONTJOY.**

K. Hen.

How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont.

No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes—woe the while—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armèd heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen.

I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont.

The day is yours.

K. Hen.

Praiséd be God, and not our strength, for it!—

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont.

They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen.

Then call we this
The field of Agincourt, fought on the day
Of Crispin Crispianus.—Go with him. [*To Heralds.*
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.
[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt Heralds with* MONTJOY.

456

Exe.

Soldier, you must come hither to the king.

K. Hen.

Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will.

An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen.

An Englishman?

Will.

An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen.

What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu.

He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen.

It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu.

Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath.

K. Hen.

Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will.

So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen.

Who servest thou under?

Will.

Captain Gower, my liege.

K. Hen.

Call him hither to me.

Will.

I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen.

Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu.

Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all.

K. Hen.

Knowest thou Gower?

Flu.

He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen.

Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu.

I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen.

My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him,—as I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,—
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

***Enter* FLUELLEN *and* WILLIAMS.**

Will.

Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu.

I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will.

I am no traitor.

Flu.

That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

War.

How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu.

My Lord of Warwick, here is,—praised be Got for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.—Here is his majesty.

K. Hen.

How now! what's the matter?

Flu.

My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will.

My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu.

Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

458

K. Hen.

Give me thy glove: here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu.

An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen.

How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will.

All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen.

It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will.

Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen.

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu.

By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you: and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will.

I will none of your money.

Flu.

It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful! your shoes is not so goot: ‘tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an **English Herald.**

K. Hen.

Now, herald,—are the dead numbered?

Her.

Here is the number of the slaughter’d French.

[*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen.

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe.

Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

459

K. Hen.

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?—
[*Herald presents another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty.—O God, Thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only Thine!

Exe.

'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen.

Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is His only. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis and Te Deum.*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

***Enter* Chorus.**

Chor.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now, we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there, and there being seen,
Heave him away upon your wingéd thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty wiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruiséd helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride:
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—

Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in,
To welcome him. Now in London place him;—
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;—and omit

461

All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords; the* FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, *Ladies and Lords; the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *and his Train.

K. Hen.

Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King.

Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa.

So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,

As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen.

To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa.

You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur.

My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I've labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness' on both parts best can witness.

462

Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenty, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd!
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unprunéd dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Do root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen.

If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections

463

Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur.

The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen.

Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King.

I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
T' appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen.

Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
Brother Gloster, and Warwick, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify.
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa.

Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen.

Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa.

She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except* HENRY *and* KATHARINE.

K. Hen.

Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath.

Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen.

O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess
it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath.

Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is "like me."

464

K. Hen.

An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath.

Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

K. Hen.

I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath.

Les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen.

The tongues of men are full of deceits? I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you:" then, if you urge me further than to say, "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith do; and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath.

Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen.

Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into

my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there,—let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true,—but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is

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the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon,—for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course. truly. If thou would have such a one, take me and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou, then, to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath.

Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen.

No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath.

I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen.

No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi,*—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed! *donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath.

Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.

K. Hen.

No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English,—Canst thou love me?

Kath.

I cannot tell.

K. Hen.

Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question your gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très-chère et divine déesse?*

Kath.

Your *majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle dat is en France.*

K. Hen.

Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I

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dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting effect of my visage. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old

age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better:—and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say "Harry of England, I am thine:" which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;" who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music,—for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all Katharines, break thy mind to me in broken English,—wilt you have me?

Kath.

Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père.*

K. Hen.

Nay, it will please him well, Kate,—it shall please him, Kate.

Kath.

Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen.

Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my
queen.

Kath.

Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez.

K. Hen.

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath.

Les demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen.

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married? O Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults,—as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding.

[*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.—Here comes your father.

467

Re-enter the* FRENCH KING *and* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *etc.

Bur.

God save your majesty! my royal cousin,
Teach you our princess English?

K. Hen.

I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her and that is good English.

Fr. King.

We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen.

Is’t so, my lords of England?

West.

The king hath granted every article:—
His daughter first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposéd natures,

K. Hen.

I pray you, thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King.

Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other’s happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that ne’er war advance
His bleeding sword ‘twixt England and fair France.

All.

Amen!

K. Hen.

Now, welcome, Kate;—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. **[*Flourish.***

Q. Isa.

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there ‘twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blesséd marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! God speak this Amen!

All.

Amen!

K. Hen.

Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we’ll take your oath,
And all the peers’, for surety of our league.—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Exeunt.*

THE END OF VOLUME I.